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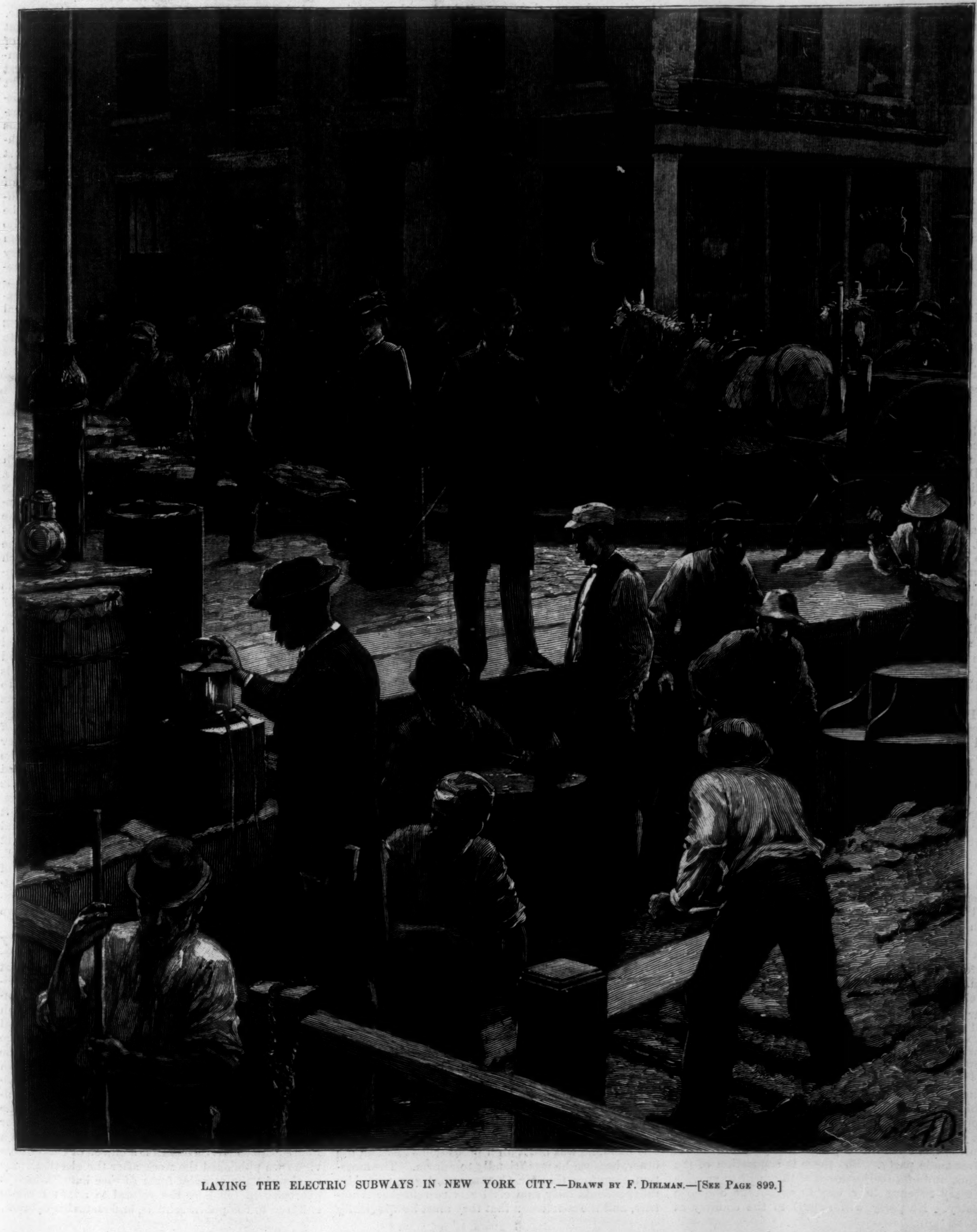

LAYING THE ELECTRIC SUBWAYS IN NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by F. Dielman.—[See Page 899.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

CONGRESS.

It is unhappily impossible to expect during the session of Congress which is just beginning any very important legislation upon subjects which imperatively require it. The political situation, the political difference between the two Houses, and the imminence of the Presidential election will make this year especially an off year. Not only is it highly improbable, for instance, that any scheme for relieving the surplus which might pass the Democratic House would be accepted by the Republican Senate, but the Democratic House is itself at variance. Mr. RANDALL and his Democratic protection contingent command the position, Speaker CARLISLE and his tariff reformers can do nothing without Mr. RANDALL'S assent, and that assent will be given to no radical disturbance of the situation; extreme measures against Mr. RANDALL are impracticable; and for such reasons, if there were no other, no important tariff legislation will be accomplished. But there are other reasons even more conclusive. Not only is the Democratic House divided upon the question, not only would the Republican Senate disagree with any Democratic measure, but the elections of the autumn have left the Democratic party on the eve of the Presidential election more united than it has been since the inauguration of Mr. CLEVELAND. The elections and the course of the Executive toward them in New York and Maryland have swept away the Democratic opposition to the President. No other name is likely to be presented in the National Democratic Convention. The solid party vote will be cast for Mr. CLEVELAND, and the recent alarm from the probable Democratic diversion for a Labor candidate has disappeared.

In this situation experience and common-sense will teach the Democratic party to let well enough alone. No possible legislation upon the tariff could improve the chances of the party, while any treatment of the question whatever would probably injure them by division. Hands off will be the party cry, and the most obstreperous Democratic tariff reformer will be pacified by the representation that to touch the subject at all, under the circumstances, would imperil success next year. The most effective Republican cry against the Democrats is that they are free-traders. They are not free-traders. But that fact does not silence the cry. The Virginian Democratic platform for the late election was a protection platform. Tammany Hall, in New York, a month before the election declared:

> "We disclaim the doctrine of free-trade, and aver that as a political principle it has no place in a Democratic platform. A good tariff system must be maintained as the best mode of collecting national revenue, with protection to home labor in all the manufacturing industries against the underpaid and pauper labor of foreign lands."

Such disclaimers are, of course, unnoticed by the opposition. But they show conclusively that the issue of protection between the parties cannot be raised next year, and for the same reason that no legislation upon the tariff is to be expected this year. There is no free-trade party. But there is a question of the surplus, and of an adjustment of the tariff to provide necessary revenue in a way to encourage domestic industry. No party will appeal to the country at present on a practically free-trade platform. The Democratic managers are much too shrewd to follow the wishes of their opponents. They will do nothing this winter but debate, and they will proclaim some safe and vague general principles next year which will pledge the party to nothing in particular. Politics are exceedingly practical. The Democrats wish to elect the President, and they will not risk that result in order to gratify theorists who announce in advance that whether they are gratified or not they will cordially support the candidate.

It would be very rash, therefore, to anticipate decisive action upon any important political question during the present session. But, nevertheless, the surplus is a spectre which must be laid. The Republican policy apparently is to maintain the over-taxation and spend the surplus. Meanwhile about $10,000,000 of surplus accumulates monthly. It is withdrawn from circulation and locked up in the Treasury. This is a perpetual menace to the business of the country. Already, and more than once, it has nearly precipitated a ruinous panic, although business rests upon a sound and not a merely speculative basis. The Secretary of the Treasury has intervened, and the danger for the time has been averted. But this is not a situation which can safely endure. If during the next year, in the height of the excitement of the election, a sudden panic from the same causes should occur, the certain result would be the overthrow of the Administration, however promising its prospects might have seemed before the panic. President VAN BUREN was not responsible for the panic of 1837, but he paid the penalty by disastrous defeat. This is a situation which can hardly be met by the happy-go-lucky policy of letting things alone. The simple and obvious remedy is reduction of taxes to abolish the surplus. But the method of reduction would arouse differences of view not only between the parties, but among the Democratic majority in the House. The argument that reduction of taxation to abolish the surplus would be a good Democratic campaign cry omits the considerations: that the party would not agree upon the method; the CARLISLE Democrats would wish to extend the free list, and relieve raw material; the RANDALL Democrats would abolish the internal revenue taxes. Here would be the very situation which the friends of the let-alone policy apprehend, and here again inaction would be probably considered to be the safest course. The recommendations of the President upon this subject and the views of the Secretary of the Treasury will be regarded as speeches inculcating more or less sound doctrine. Other speeches will be contributed to the debate in the House. But the probabilities do not now indicate any decisive action. The situation shows how completely parties have ceased to represent policies. Mr. RANDALL is a Democratic leader whom his party cannot disregard, who in fact controls the position, but who upon a vital public question practically holds Republican views. If nothing should be done, it will be due to the fact that the Presidential election will dominate party action in Congress, and as it also practically paralyzes business for the larger part of every fourth year, the question of a longer Presidential term, and of ineligibility for re-election, will become constantly more pressing.

IN 1884.

THE strenuous effort to show that the independent vote which supported Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 is now logically bound to abandon him is amusing, but ineffective. Mr. CLEVELAND was supported, not as "a free-trader," as was shown by the fact that some of the leading independents were high protectionists, and because Mr. EDMUNDS and other Republican candidates whom they advocated and would have supported were pronounced protectionists. Mr. CLEVELAND was undoubtedly supported more willingly and hopefully because of his reform views and acts. It was largely owing to his wish that the Democratic Assembly in New York passed the reform bill, and the State Commission, of which the president is a faithful Republican, warmly commended his effectual aid in the practical inauguration of the reformed system. But Mr. CLEVELAND'S letter to the Reform League was written after his election, and no independent speaker during the campaign said more than the simple truth that Mr. CLEVELAND was much more a friend of reform than Mr. BLAINE. This made the support of Mr. CLEVELAND easier for those independents who were also reformers. But the main object of all was the defeat of Mr. BLAINE, for reasons which were stated in the plainest and most unanswerable terms.

Independents who were tariff reformers did not vote for Mr. CLEVELAND as "a free-trader." Those who were civil service reformers did not vote for him as a civil service reformer. But both, in the earnest purpose upon public grounds of defeating the Republican candidate, supported the Democratic candidate, and unquestionably with more satisfaction because, on the one hand, he was not a high protectionist, and on the other, because he was friendly to reform. The assertion, therefore, that Mr. CLEVELAND was supported by independents only as a civil service reformer is untrue, and the conclusion that they must now logically abandon him is a *non-sequitur*. Nothing could be more comical, for instance, than for independents to decline to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND as false to reform, and to vote for Mr. BLAINE as the candidate of a reform party. No party that should nominate Mr. BLAINE could decently claim to be a reform party. Whatever may have been the failures and inconsistencies of Mr. CLEVELAND in this respect, Mr. BLAINE is the peculiar representative of things to be reformed, and his defeat in itself would be a victory for reform. Nothing is more futile in the face of the familiar facts than for the BLAINE organs to represent the independent action of 1884 either as a free-trade movement or a desperate effort to secure reform from the Democratic party. It was a movement to defeat a Presidential candidate who, in the opinion of independent Republicans, had sought to abuse a public trust for his private advantage. Except for the nomination of that candidate neither Republican tariff reformers nor civil service reformers would have bolted.

If the Republican party should renominate Mr. BLAINE, no platform rhetoric, no eloquent claim that the Republican party is the only and original friend of reform, no denunciation of the President as a scheming traitor to reform, would deceive a single honest independent voter. He would think, as he thought and said in 1884, that such a nomination raised an issue which took precedence of all others. The question would not be whether the Republican party was more a reform party than the Democratic, or whether Mr. CLEVELAND had or had not disappointed just anticipations. It would be precisely as it was in '84, whether the Republican candidate was the kind of man who ought to be elected President. It is certainly a very dull observer who doubts what would be the answer of the country to that question, or who does not see that in 1888 the argument drawn from the name and character of "the party" would be very much less effective than in 1884. It is evident, therefore, that Mr. CLEVELAND was not supported by independents merely because he was a civil service reformer, but because support of him was the practical way of defeating Mr. BLAINE. So far as Mr. BLAINE and the BLAINE organs are concerned, it is enough to say that the logic of the independent position in '84 requires them to aid in securing the defeat of Mr. BLAINE in '88.

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

THE Republican success in Ohio, where the chief speaker was Governor FORAKER, whose chief topic was the wrongs of colored voters in the Southern States, naturally suggests to the party managers a policy for the campaign next year. Mr. SHERMAN thinks that great stress should be laid upon the suppression of the colored vote, and Mr. SHERMAN is one of the ablest of Republican leaders. This opinion is undoubtedly based upon what he has observed of the party feeling. In his speech at Nashville last March he said of the rights secured by the new constitutional amendments: "The attempt to enforce these rights by constitutional amendments has thus far partially failed, and now it is conceded that under the limitations of the Constitution the rights of the citizens of a State can be enforced only through State or national tribunals," and where public opinion is intolerant, and juries fail in their duty, the only remedy, he said, is emigration. He added that he had been happy to learn in the Southern States that in many quarters public sentiment revolted at the suppression of such rights, and if this were so, he thought the citizens of other States might appeal to the manly spirit of our own race to protect the colored citizen against the white men who would oppress him. He then turned to questions which, he said, should alone be subjects of political discussion. All this was unmistakable. It meant that "the Southern question" should be left to settlement in the Southern States as now beyond national adjustment. But a few weeks later, at Springfield, in Illinois, his tone was wholly changed. He denounced "the cruel and barbarous atrocity of the controlling elements of the South in their treatment of Republicans," and declared that Mr. CLEVELAND owed his seat to crimes against the elective franchise.

Such a change upon the part of a cool and wary public man signified that he was alarmed by the response of his party to his Nashville speech, and that he perceived his error. It forecast the late Republican campaign in Ohio, and Mr. SHERMAN now announces that his platform is simple, consisting of high protection and Congressional control of national elections in the Southern States. The result of the elections this year leaves little doubt that both the issues he mentions will make part of the Republican platform next year. In regard to the Southern question, Republican leaders should be careful. The general conviction is that whatever injustice may be done to the colored voters, the remedy is neither simple nor summary. As early and as stanch and as constant a Republican as Mr. SHERMAN is a citizen of Ohio whose views we published the week after the election. He speaks of "the meanest form of race hate," which is expressed in Ohio by the refusal to admit mulatto children to the public schools, and states his opinion, after extensive personal observation in the Southern States, that "the negro laborers South are better off than the white laborers in Cincinnati." This is the feeling in one of the most enlightened and progressive of the old Free States, the home of Chase and Giddings, which has a population of 3,118,344 white and 79,665 colored. This original antislavery Ohio Republican touches the very heart of the Southern question when he asks, even of Ohio: "What would take place in this State if two-thirds of a county were ignorant field hands? Would they be permitted to rule?" Among intelligent, reasonable Americans what would be the prospects of a party which should propose to enforce that rule by the whole power of the national government? Would not the general and just conviction be that it was a question which for every good reason in the nature of our government should be left to the adjustment of the State? And if that were true in Ohio, what is the truth in Mississippi, where the population numbers 479,371 white and 650,337 colored, or South Carolina, where there are 391,258 white and 604,325 colored people? Would the intelligent Republican majority in the old Free States deliberately support a proposition to restore and maintain by the national arm the Moses régime in South Carolina? Is it not true that the solidification of the white vote in the Southern States was due to the instinct of self-preservation against a government based upon ignorance and corruption? The whole Southern situation sprang chiefly from the tragical misfortune of Andrew Johnson's administration, which compelled the adoption of a policy which without that immense misfortune would probably have been different.

Can any sagacious and patriotic statesman believe that the peremptory interference of Congress and the Executive with elections in the Southern States will have any other result than the bitterest hatred of the government and a vast and helpless increase of the suffering of the colored citizens? The intelligent white vote of those States will be solid just so long as this apprehension exists, and the only way to remove the color line and to restore a normal political condition is to prove to every Southern State that it is in no more peril of this kind of interference than any Northern State. The moral weakness of the policy of interference lies in the consciousness that, under the circumstances which exist in the Southern States, every Republican State would resent it. The feeling that the question is a profoundly complicated one, which can be best adjusted by the States concerned, and that time and education and the natural play of different interests will gradually divide the colored vote and dissolve the color line, is so general and so increasing that the Republican party could not be strengthened by the adoption of the policy of interference. It is not because Republicans like our Ohio correspondent have grown indifferent to human rights and have lost sympathy with the colored race that they condemn so warmly what they call a policy of sectional hate. It is because they regard the Republican party, and have always sustained it, as a wiser, more patriotic, more humane, and more truly American party than the Democratic that they would see it seek a more reasonable and permanent solution of the Southern question than the one now proposed. That solution will be found, not in national interference, but in a frank acknowledgment of the extreme difficulties of the situation, and in cordial co-operation with the Southern sentiment to which Mr. Sherman alluded, and which aims at the most friendly possible relation of the races.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The situation in France has revealed the fact that its politics are still revolutionary. That is to say, every serious political crisis excites hopes in some faction of overthrowing the regulated republic and of establishing a new form of government. The present crisis has been peculiarly unfortunate because the shrewd and conservative course of President Grévy, who has shown more fitness for the chief office than any man in France, is precisely the course which tends to the permanency of the republic. The republic has now endured for seventeen years, and if it could continue for as many more, it would conquer the disposition to regard it as a stop-gap and makeshift, and be accepted as the best form of government for the country. It is undoubtedly true that it began and has advanced under great difficulties, and the chief difficulty was doubt of its practicability. It was not a choice, but a happy compromise. Frenchmen, seventeen years ago, were Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, Socialists, Communists, and Republicans. The superior ability and real ascendency of Thiers made him a virtual dictator, and he patriotically accepted the republic as the best practicable resource, and his honest fidelity to it was of the greatest service. Marshal MacMahon also respected the situation. Gambetta was essentially an uncertain although powerful leader, and it was the great good fortune of France that the republic was not overthrown before M. Grévy succeeded to the Presidency.

Of his good faith there has been no question, and if his judgment had been equally good, the crisis might have been avoided. It was unnecessary for him to identify himself with his son-in-law, or to allow the official residence to fall under a cloud of suspicion by clinging to him instead of courting inquiry. But this was not an error which should have led the Chambers to risk the republic by forcing the President's resignation. If the act is not unconstitutional, it is an act which the Constitution did not foresee. The majority may prevent the formation of a Ministry by the leaders refusing to form one, or by defeating any that may be formed. In England this would be useless, because the Executive is permanent. But in France a President who cannot command the confidence of a Ministry is helpless. He cannot administer the government alone, and as he is, in such a case, the sole obstruction to the formation of a government, he must resign. It is, however, really a revolution under the forms of law, and it opens an opportunity for a practical revolution at the polls. It is now said that the plan of the monarchical faction was to elect a President who would discredit the republic, either by incapacity or by known servility to Germany. In any case the situation was not one favorable to the republic, and it was due to the acts of Republicans.

One fact is disclosed by the late events in France, which is the want of great leaders. There is not a single Frenchman in public life of commanding personality. Clémenceau is the radical leader, but he has not made a great impression, and in this crisis he seems by want of comprehension to have lost a great opportunity. Messrs. Ferry, Freycinet, Goblet, Floquet, Saussier, have made little distinct mark even upon the minds of students of French politics, and the report that one of the Orleans princes would be a candidate for the Presidency shows the confusion of the situation. Meanwhile, however, so long as an outbreak is avoided, time works for the republic. It cannot be said that conviction of the permanence of a republic in France is universal. This is due, not to want of good feeling, but to experience. The revolution has been "in permanence" so long, monarchies, empires, republics, have succeeded each other so rapidly, that a feeling of instability is naturally associated with every new form. But every crisis safely surmounted is a sign of sounder political health, and if the newly elected President, M. Sadi-Carnot, should be permitted to proceed with his administration without disturbance, it would be a happy augury for France.

GENERAL E. W. LEAVENWORTH.

General E. W. Leavenworth died at Syracuse, New York, on the 25th of November. He was eighty-four years old, but within a few months he wrote that he had none of the pains and weaknesses of age. He was, indeed, a singularly active and energetic man to the last, and no community ever had a more public-spirited citizen. He had lived in Syracuse for sixty years, seeing the rapid growth and development of the city, and during all the two generations he was constant in the promotion of every good work and local improvement, and at his death was probably more identified with its progress than any other of its citizens.

General Leavenworth filled many public positions. A stanch Whig, and a fast friend of Governor Seward, becoming like him a Republican, he had been Mayor of Syracuse, member of Assembly, Secretary of State, member of the State Constitutional Commission, and of two State boundary commissions, Brigadier-General, Representative in Congress, Commissioner to adjust claims against New Granada, and he was the oldest member in years and in date of election of the Board of Regents of the University of New York. In none of these trusts was his discharge of duty perfunctory. His interest in all of them was sincere, his intelligence large, his judgment sound, his activity incessant. He was still young in age, his courtesy unfailing, his urbanity supreme. The State loses in him one of the men who make the strength of states, and his immediate community a citizen worthy of all emulation.

A POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

As the *Epoch* well points out, the proposition of a government postal telegraph raises one question which is of the highest practical importance. It is obvious that there are very serious objections to a vast private monopoly to command and possibly to distort the news. In 1884 the news of the result of the election was suspected to be "cooked" for obvious purposes. The mere suspicion was a suggestion of the possible abuse of such a monopoly, and there is a very strong urgency for government control of a telegraph as a part of the system of communication of intelligence which the government has assumed in the Post-office.

But the *Epoch* asks whether, conceding the present abuses and possible political corruption arising from such a private monopoly, the evils would be decreased by the purchase of the existing telegraph system and an addition of perhaps twenty thousand to the present number of employés of the government. The advantage to the public of convenience and rapidity of communication in a government telegraph has been demonstrated in other countries. But the evil consequences of a "spoils" civil service have been demonstrated in this country, and the multiplication of them by an immense addition to the force of employés is in itself an evil to be deprecated.

The remedy would be, we agree with the *Epoch*, in a thorough-going reform of the civil service. The system which has triumphantly proved its excellence wherever it has been tried, which has raised the standard of efficiency, intelligence, and self-respect, and amply justified the assertions of its advocates, should be a constituent part of any scheme for a government telegraph. Without such a provision the proposition would be of very questionable value.

AN OLD FRIEND.

At this happy season, when everybody is looking about to discover how he can make others happy, even at no great cost of time, labor, or money to himself, we have great pleasure in reminding the philanthropic hosts of the opportunity offered to them by the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society. It is a society of active and energetic ladies who have had much experience in the good work, and who have diffused incalculable pleasure with the simplest and cheapest means, but with a zeal which all who aim at practical charity may profitably study.

The society has placed fifteen boxes in different parts of the city, marked "For the Sick in Hospital—State Charities Aid Association." The boxes are designed for the receipt of newspapers and magazines that have been read, and these boxes are emptied daily and carried by the agents to the point from which the steamers start for the city islands. The papers are then distributed into separate bags marked with the name of the institution for which they are designed. They are then sent immediately and distributed. This is but one branch of the charity. At No. 21 University Place old books, illustrated magazines and papers, any kind of good reading, are welcomed and duly despatched to the city institutions, where more than thirteen thousand persons of all kinds, from all countries, of every degree of ignorance and intelligence, sick, maimed, suffering, dying, lie separated from the world, without resource or recreation except such as the good angels of the Book and Newspaper Society supply.

Every kind of decent book and paper and periodical, for young and old, Christmas, New-Year's, and Easter cards, are gladly received in University Place, and wisely distributed. Such a good work grows like a healthy child or plant, and it becomes a little more expensive. At present the cost of doing good in this way is about $700 a year. Of this nearly one-half is derived from a fund, the memorial of Mrs. Gertrude Pell, who suggested the charity. The rest is supplied by a few kindly disposed friends. But with $800 a year added to the income, the benefit of this beautiful charity would be very widely extended, and those who are meditating in what way to signalize the season of peace and good-will may wisely remember the comfortable text about lending to the Lord. But those who cannot spare money can give old books and papers, and so earn their share of the benediction which belongs to those who remember the sick and the suffering. And if anybody would know more, let him send to No. 21 University Place for the last report.

PERSONAL.

An energetic Washington correspondent has been gathering statistics on the smoking habits of the government officials from the President down. He has discovered that the President takes a cigar after dinner, and smokes sitting at his office desk. Senator Blackburn usually has a cigar in his mouth, and Senator Sherman smokes the best Havanas. General Rosecrans says there is nothing like a Virginia "stogy," General Sheridan smokes a great deal, and General Anson G. McCook smokes the strongest kind of cigars. General Sherman indulges in what is called "a dry smoke," that is, he chews a cigar before lighting it, and even goes on chewing after he begins to smoke.

—The portrait of Charles Darwin that accompanies the English and American publications of his life was engraved by Mr. Kruell, of New York. A portrait of Darwin, engraved by Mr. Kruell, which appeared in Harper's Magazine some time ago, pleased his family so well that when they were ready to publish his biography they called upon Mr. Kruell for an enlarged reproduction of the same photograph.

—General Berdan has recently invented a new torpedo-boat, which he says will blow the biggest man-of-war out of the water. A company has been organized, with a capital of one million dollars, whose stockholders include some of the best known names in Wall Street. General Berdan is very sanguine about the success of his boat, and is going to make a trial of it very soon.

—Professor Boyesen has three sons, of whom he is very proud. They are handsome boys of sturdy build, whose blue eyes and light curling hair have given them the name of the Vikings by their father's friends. Professor Boyesen has just written a book for boys, which he calls *The Three Vikings*, of which his three boys are probably the heroes.

—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew does not seem to think that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is going to India, or to make a trip around the world in his yacht. He believes that Mr. Vanderbilt will return home in the spring, after a winter spent in cruising in the Mediterranean and the Bosporus.

—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland does not at all look the woman who could be cajoled by an enterprising publisher into doing things that she did not want to do. She gives every indication in her appearance of being a woman of great strength of character and determination. She is of medium height, blond, and rather stout. Her eyes are light blue, and she bears a strong family likeness to her brother. She shows on her face the stamp of a woman to whom the overcoming of obstacles is a pleasure, but there is nothing of the blue-stocking about her appearance.

—The "authors' readings" at Chickering Hall, New York, were a great success, and netted $4000 for the Copyright League fund. Mr. James Russell Lowell presided, and said in the course of his opening speech that he was prepared to include the "printing clause" in the copyright bill if that would do anything toward hastening the end that all authors and most publishers are now looking forward to. At the previous series of "authors' readings" given in this city Will Carleton made the most palpable hit with the audience. At the last series this honor was shared by two men—James Whitcomb Riley, of Indiana, and Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia. There was a freshness about the manner of these authors that was irresistible, while what they read had all the charm of novelty, and was racy of the authors' native soil. Both of these gentlemen are young, and were entirely new to their audience, so that their performance had about it the attractive quality of a surprise.

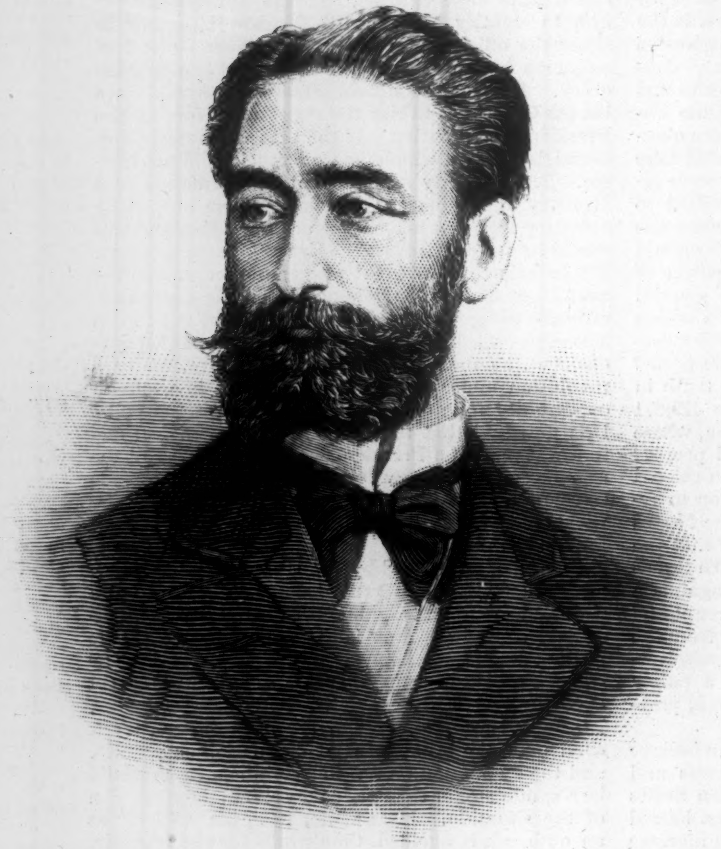
—Professor Marquand, of Princeton, New Jersey, has given the beautiful house that he owned there for a young ladies' college. The name of the new college is "Evelyn," and the best members of the faculty of the College of New Jersey lecture before the students. The college has been opened only a few weeks, but it already shows signs of vigor, and it is believed that it "fills a long-felt want."

THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT.

A WEEK of intense excitement ended on Saturday, December 3d, in the election of M. Sadi-Carnot as President of the French Republic. The events which led to the resignation of President Grévy—the complicity of his son-in-law, M. Wilson, in the sale of decorations, and other misuses of his position, succeeded by the failure to find anybody who would form a ministry to replace the one which had retired—were set forth in the Weekly of December 3d. But when M. Ferry, whose recent quarrel with General Boulanger is remembered, seemed likely to be chosen in M. Grévy's place, the radicals mingled their cries of "À bas Ferry!" and "Vive Boulanger!" with "Vive Grévy!" also, deeming the very man whom they had so bitterly denounced better than this threatened successor; so that for a moment the old President, seeing an unexpected source of support, recalled his purpose to resign. A decisive vote of the Chamber of Deputies, however, and a fresh failure to form a cabinet, dispelled any new hope of remaining in power, and on Friday his message of resignation was received and read in the Chambers. Two votes on nominating a candidate for the succession were taken by a portion of the members of the Left the same night, but as the supporters of M. Ferry were mostly absent, these were of little significance.

On Saturday morning a caucus of Senators and Deputies of the entire Left was held at Versailles. On its first ballot, taken to indicate a nominee, M. Ferry had 200 votes; M. De Freycinet, 193; M. Brisson, 81; M. Sadi-Carnot, 69. The second ballot made few changes; in the third M. Ferry was still first, with M. Carnot close upon him; the fourth gave Carnot a clear majority, although in a small total of votes cast.

At two o'clock that day the National Assembly met for the election. On the first ballot M. Sadi-Carnot had 303 votes; M. Ferry, 212; General Saussier, 148; M. De Freycinet, 76; General Appert, 72; while there were 57 scattering. A recess was taken, during which Ferry and De Freycinet, standing among a group of members, successively withdrew in favor of Sadi-Carnot. The latter, accordingly, on the second ballot received 616 votes, against 186 for General Saussier, the principal candidate of the Right, and 22 for all others. It was the work of a few moments to make the result formally known to M. Sadi-Carnot, who immediately proceeded from Versailles to Paris to take formal possession of the Élysée, and then retired to his private residence in the Rue des Bassins.



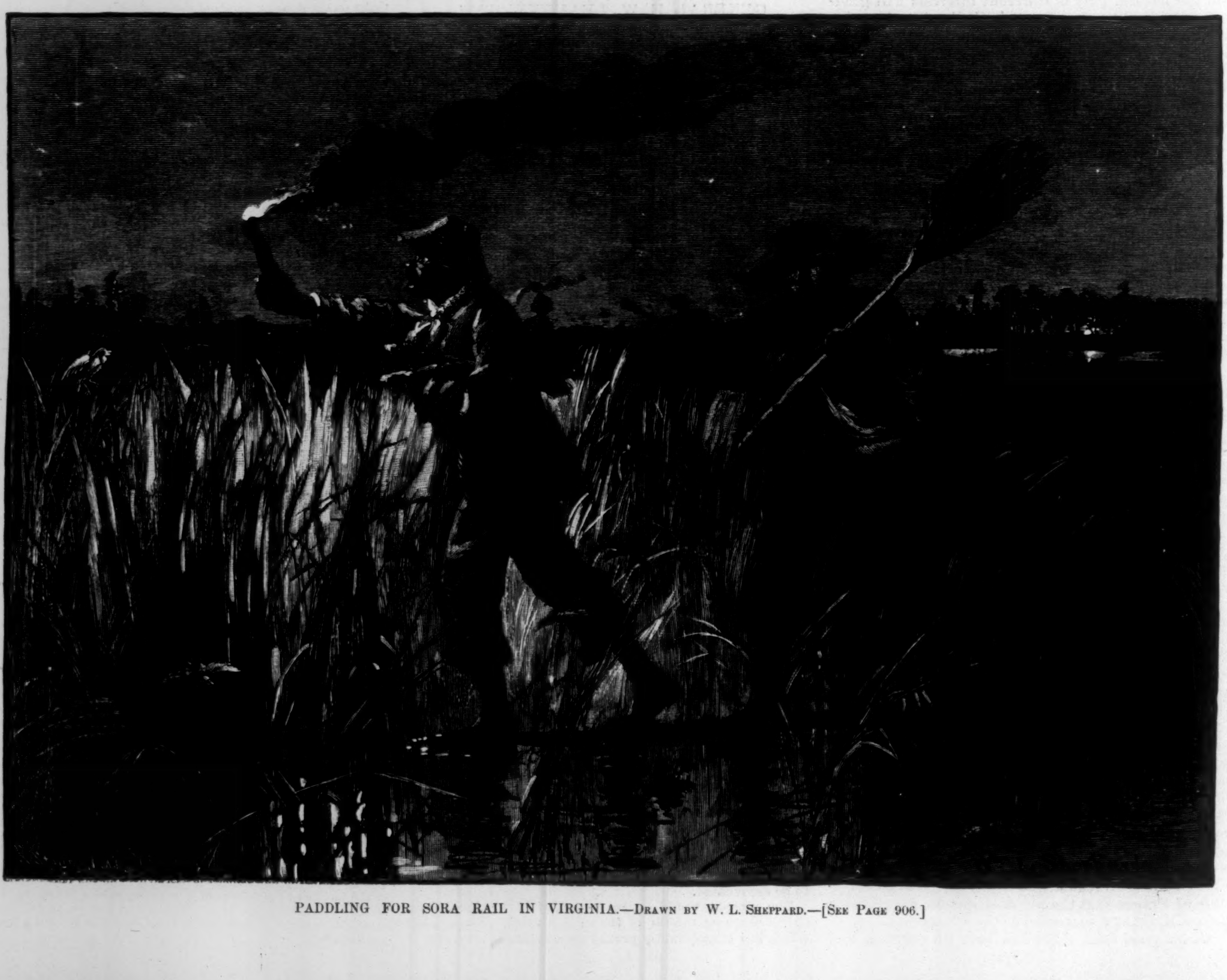
MARIE FRANÇOIS SADI-CARNOT, NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

By the almost universal verdict of France, heartily echoed by foreign countries which have been watching with no little anxiety this trying crisis, the choice thus reached must be accepted as fortunate and admirable. A man of the highest integrity, of profound devotion to the republic, of abundant fortune, the grandson of the great Carnot, who, as War Minister of the First Republic, organized its victorious armies, M. Sadi-Carnot is a man fully qualified to take up the duties from which M. Grévy withdrew, and one who will inspire confidence everywhere in the stability of the government. Born at Limoges August 11, 1837, Marie François Sadi-Carnot is the son of Lazare Hippolyte Carnot, a life Senator of the republic. He was educated at the École Polytechnique and the École des Ponts et Chaussées, and then served as engineer at Annecy from 1864 to 1870. Amongst his engineering work is included the well-known Collonge bridge on the Rhone. During the war with Germany he was Prefect of the Lower Seine, and organized the defence of that department, and also of Eure and Calvados. Chosen to the National Assembly early in 1871, he took his seat with the Republican Left, for which he became Secretary. In 1876 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies from Beaune by a decisive majority, and was again made Secretary of the new Chamber and a member of the Budget Committee. He was one of the 363 Deputies of the Left who refused a vote of confidence in the De Broglie Ministry. The next year his constituents re-elected him. Appointed Under-Secretary of Public Works in 1878 and Minister of Public Works in 1880, he remained in the latter office until he became Minister of Finance; was a member both of the Brisson and the De Freycinet cabinets.

It is evident from this summary that the new President of France is familiar with more than one portion of the practical administration of the government, and that in the important matter of Public Works, including railways, canals, and bridges, he is a special authority. His absence of scheming ambition is as well attested as his uprightness. He is happily married to an unusually bright and intelligent woman, who is zealous for her husband's advancement. Her father has been well known as a translator of John Stuart Mill's works into French. They have several children. M. Carnot is described as tall, agile, with a dark complexion and dark eyes.

The brief remarks made by President Carnot, after being informed of his election, indicate the quiet, conservative character of the man. "This day signifies that the representatives of France can be united. Their common efforts can and must secure the constitution, assuring an active and stable working government, capable of bestowing upon the nation liberty at home and dignity abroad." He also asked the late Ministry to remain in power until its successor could be carefully selected. He stated that upon the formation of the new Ministry he would close the parliamentary session until after the coming Senatorial elections, and he promptly received assurances of support from many leading politicians.

The people of America may well congratulate France on this issue of her political crisis. While the foundations of her republican institutions are well laid, indications were not lacking of the purpose of schemers of both extremes to turn the recent excitement to selfish account. Although M. Sadi-Carnot was far from being the ablest of the candidates, he had the great advantage of being the most "available," as our American phrase is, or the one against whom fewest objections could be urged. The bitter feeling aroused against M. Ferry would probably have boded ill, had he been chosen, for the future of French politics. Even one Berlin comment on the new President as a "satisfactory but weak" man is an assurance, in its way, that his policy is expected to be that of peace. Above all, in the unfortunate train of circumstances which brought about the fall of President Grévy, incorruptible honesty was of prime importance in his successor and in the surroundings of that successor, and this quality has been secured.



PADDLING FOR SORA RAIL IN VIRGINIA.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 906.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

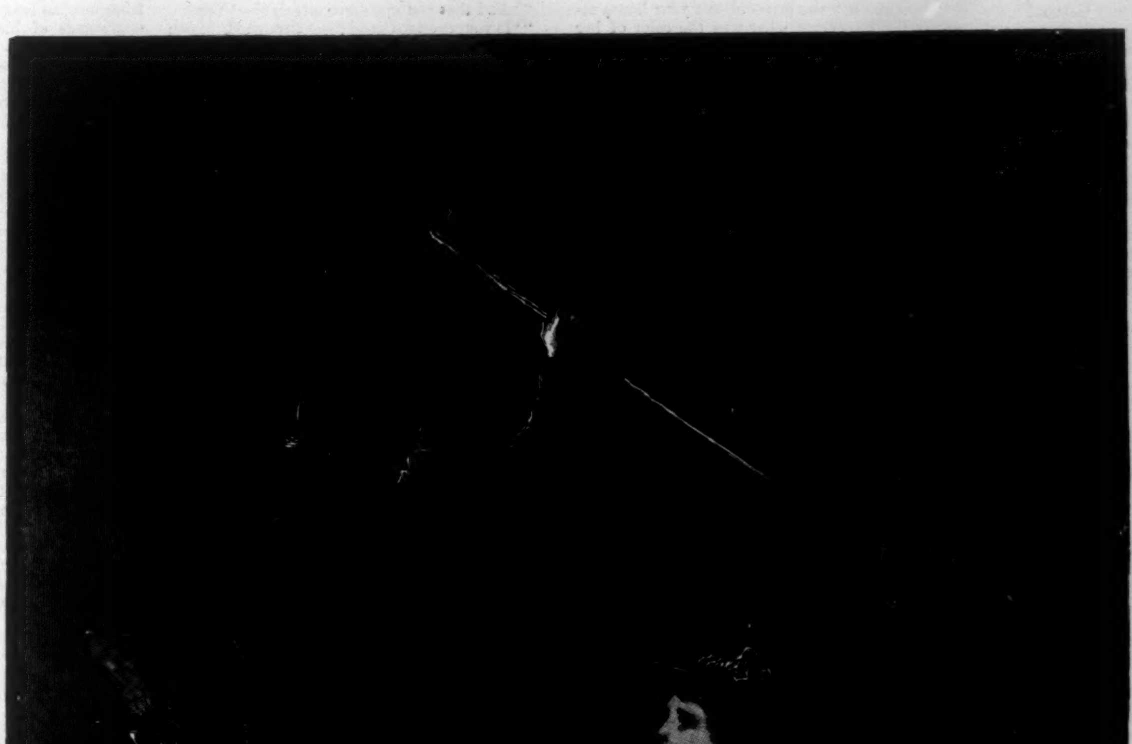
By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "GRIF," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE TRIAL AND VERDICT—EXTRACTED FROM A POPULAR DAILY PAPER.

"THE trial of Phœbe Farebrother for the murder of her father, commonly known as Miser Farebrother, terminated last evening, and will be long remembered as one of the most remarkable and painful in criminal records. The extraordinary interest exhibited by the public in the case is only partially due to the murder itself and to the relations which existed between the unhappy prisoner and the deceased; chiefly it may be set down to the youth and beauty of the young woman who was accused of a crime so horrible and atrocious. As she stood in the dock it was almost impossible to believe that a being so lovely and gentle could harbor a thought that was not innocent and pure, and the demeanor of those who were present at the trial was sufficient to prove that popular sympathy was enlisted on her side. Fitting it is—and especially fitting in this case—that justice should be blind.



"I HAVE A REMEMBRANCE OF PLEADING TO HIM, OF GOING ON MY KNEES TO HIM."

"Now that the trial is over, the verdict given, and the sentence pronounced, we propose to devote some brief attention to those features in it which rendered it remarkable. The case is one of circumstantial evidence, and turned no less upon the statements of those who testified uncompromisingly against the prisoner than upon the statements of her friends, whose sorrowful evidence weighed heavily against her.

"The household of Miser Farebrother, in the lifetime of the unfortunate man, was eminently cold and cheerless. Love occupied no place therein. A man of wealth and means, all the avenues of enjoyment were open to him, but he cared only for the accumulation of money. This may be said to have been his one object, and he devoted to it all his energies. An attempt was made to prove that he was of an affectionate and tender nature, and that his behavior toward his child was that of a loving father, but this view of his character may be unhesitatingly dismissed. It renders the crime no less heinous; that he was ruthlessly murdered is an established fact.

"He had earned the sobriquet of 'miser,' and he was entitled to it. A miser he was, whose supreme passion was that of accumulating wealth. His business—that of a money-lender—was in keeping with his ambition, and enabled him to compass it. Had he been animated by sentiments of a nobler kind they would have found vent in action which would have won for him esteem and gratitude; but he did good neither openly nor by stealth. That the two persons who served him, Mrs. Pamflett and her son, Jeremiah Pamflett, should speak well of him is natural and to their credit. Were it left to them to write his epitaph mankind would be deceived—as it is in many instances by words graven on tombstones.

"He led in Parksides practically a lonely existence, and it would be difficult to imagine a more mournful picture than that of a motherless child brought up amidst such surroundings. Spacious as are the grounds of Parksides, they were allowed to run to waste; with the exception of his house-keeper and her son he had not a friend; he received no visitors, and neither dispensed nor accepted hospitality of any kind; his child had no child companions, and between her and her father's servants existed a feeling of strong antipathy; he made no effort to provide her with any sort of education; in the great house they occupied the light of home never shone. His daughter, however, was not entirely without friends. Her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge, and their two children, lived in London, and for some years past Phœbe Farebrother has been in the habit of visiting their house, and of participating, through them, in ordinary and moderate enjoyments. We may at once admit that the character borne by Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge is unimpeachable—and this despite the evidence given by Mrs. Pamflett and her son, in which may be discerned a distinct bias against them as designing persons, whose aim was to extort money from the murdered man. No direct testimony to the establishment of this view is forth-coming, and the general repute of the Lethbridges is a contradiction of it. A feeling of bitterness appears to have existed for years between these parties; on one side, Miser Farebrother and Mrs. and Jeremiah Pamflett; on the other, Miser Farebrother's unhappy daughter and her relatives in London. This was the state of affairs when Phœbe Farebrother, a few weeks before her father's death, left his house, and found her way to her aunt's home in London, where she was received with open arms.

"There are side issues to which we do not intend to refer at any length; these issues relate to Miser Farebrother's desire that his daughter should marry a man of his choosing, and to her having already set her affections upon a man of whom her father did not approve. In connection with these opposing desires is an incident which will presently be mentioned.

"It has been elicited that on the night of Miser Farebrother's murder, and for some time previous, the Lethbridges were in pecuniary difficulties, to extricate them from which a sum of money was immediately required. A puzzling feature in the whole of this sad case is the absolute frankness which the Lethbridges have displayed as to their position and the movements of the prisoner up to the hour when the warrant for her arrest was issued. So far as can be seen there has been no concealment whatever of anything within their knowledge, and this is the more strange because much of their evidence told directly against the prisoner.

"There seemed to be only one way of obtaining the money required to extricate the Lethbridges from their difficulties, and that was by a successful application to Miser Farebrother. There is no evidence that they asked their niece to appeal to her father in their behalf; they positively deny having done so, and she herself says that no word fell from their lips to that effect. When she left their house in London with the intention of proceeding to Parksides, she did so without their knowledge. There can be no doubt that she was actuated by a wish to help them. From the moment she left them until she returned the next morning in a state of prostration, physically and mentally, they are in darkness as to what occurred, and can throw no light whatever upon her movements. During that night Miser Farebrother met his death. At the trial three articles were brought in evidence against the prisoner. The first is a brooch presented to her on her last birthday by Mrs. Pamflett. This brooch was found in the grounds of Parksides, near to the body of the murdered man. There is conflicting testimony upon the subject of this brooch. Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge and their daughter, Miss Fanny Lethbridge, have no recollection of having seen the brooch from the time the prisoner left Parksides to take up her residence with them. They cannot swear that on the fatal night she did not wear it; but Miss Lethbridge is positive that her cousin did not bring it with her from Parksides. Her statement, however, is based upon general and not definite knowledge. The two young women slept together, and not a word passed between them with respect to this ornament. Miss Lethbridge's statement, therefore, is based upon an assumption. The prisoner avers that when she quitted her father's house she did not take the brooch with her. On the other hand, Mrs. Pamflett swears positively that the prisoner did take it away with her. The house-keeper made repeated examinations of the room in Parksides in which the prisoner slept, and never saw the brooch after she left. Here, then, we have a positive oath against a vague assumption, and this sworn evidence is strengthened by the fact of the brooch having been found close to the body of her master. If the prisoner did not wear it on the night of the murder, how could it have got into the grounds?

"The second article brought in evidence against the prisoner is her veil. Here there is no conflicting testimony. The prisoner admits having worn the veil when she went to Parksides, and this veil was also found in the grounds close to the body.

"The third article is the prisoner's handkerchief, which her aunt took from her pocket when she returned in the morning. There were stains of blood upon the handkerchief, which the prosecution declares was the blood of the murdered man. The prisoner declares that the blood proceeded from scratches she received by stumbling in the dark against fences and coming in contact with the branches of trees. That she did sustain some such slight wounds is undoubtedly true; and although the weight of conflicting evidence as to the blood-stains on the handkerchief is about equal, the theory of the prosecution is strengthened by independent circumstances in connection with the murder.

"What Mrs. Pamflett knows of the strange and sudden visit of the prisoner to Parksides at midnight need not here be recapitulated. Her evidence has been printed in our columns on three occasions: first, when the inquest on the body was held; again, when the prisoner was brought before the magistrate and committed for trial; and again, at greater length, during the trial just ended. What passed between her and the prisoner, the incident of the knife with the horn handle with which the deed was done, the high words in the grounds between the prisoner and her father, especially those uttered by the prisoner: 'I will do as I please, and go where I please. You ought to have been dead long ago! You had better be careful!' All this has been fully reported. The visit of a strange man to Miser Farebrother on this night is still a mystery. It was hoped by the prosecution that the endeavor to trace this man would have been successful, or that he himself would have voluntarily come forward to give evidence, but the hope has not been fulfilled. He remains in hiding, and will probably so continue to remain. The theory of the prosecution is a feasible one—that this man's visits to Miser Farebrother being paid in secret, his business was of a questionable nature, the revealment of which would bring him into trouble. Great care and caution were always displayed on the occasion of these visits, and the minute description of his dress and appearance given by Mrs. Pamflett is of little value, in the absence of any other evidence respecting him, so long as he chooses to remain hidden.

"The prisoner's statement as to what occurred, so far as she can remember, from the time she left her aunt's house in London on the night of the murder to the hour she returned to it on the following morning, is as follows:

"She admits that when she went away, unknown to her relatives, she did so with the purpose of going to Parksides and appealing to her father to give her a sum of money which would extricate the Lethbridges from their difficulties. 'Had I told them what was in my mind,' she says, 'they would have prevented me from leaving them, having no hope that my errand would be successful. But I had thought of a plan by which I could induce my father to comply with my request. I did not dare to mention this plan to my aunt, because it would only have strengthened her opposition to my project.’ She thus explains the nature of this plan. Between her and her father were two causes of disagreement. The first was her intimacy with the Lethbridges. He disapproved of it, and wished her to discontinue her visits, and to have nothing more to do with them. To this she was now ready to agree if he would advance her the money she asked for. ‘I could not promise to forget them,’ she says; ‘that would have been impossible—my love for them was so great, and also my gratitude for the kindness and affection they showed me from the time my mother died. But I would have borne my suffering in secret, and would never have spoken of it reproachfully to my father. I should have been only too thankful if he would have assisted me to repay them, in some small measure, for all their wonderful kindness to me. They have made great sacrifices for me. Should I hesitate to make a sacrifice for them in return? It was only my own happiness that was at stake, and perhaps death would have soon come to me to put an end to my misery. There was a time when I used to pray for death.’ This, however, was not the only sacrifice she avers she was ready to make; there was another of an infinitely graver nature. Her father wished her to marry a man she abhorred. She had shrunk in horror from the proposal, but she was ready to submit to it now. She would humble herself to her father's will. Her father had written these words to her, ‘When you are prepared to obey me in the one wish of my life, you can come to me; not until then.’ Upon these words she was prepared to act. She would go to him and say that she was ready to obey him if he would assist her in the way she wished. Animated by this resolve—which, if it were the truth, would have been most noble and heroic—she took the last train to Beddington, and arrived at Parksides late in the night. She did not take a return ticket, not having sufficient money to pay for it. She cannot fix the hour of her arrival, nor indeed has she anything to say as to time. It may have been midnight, it may have been earlier or later—her mind is a blank upon this. The night, she says, was dark, and the house itself was in darkness; she saw no one moving, inside or out. She was afraid to knock, because her summons would have brought Mrs. Pamflett down, and she feared that the house-keeper, who hated her, would have driven her from the place, and prevented her from seeing her father. So she concealed herself in the grounds quite near to the house, her intention being to pass the night in the open, and the first thing in the morning, when the door was unlocked, to enter it and go straight to her father's room, unknown to Mrs. Pamflett, and tell him what she came for. We now take up her own words as to what followed:

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1593.

“‘I do not know how long I waited outside, crouching down in concealment; it seemed to me very, very long, and I was so agitated that I cannot depend upon my memory. I did my best to keep my eyes open, but they would close in spite of me, and at last I must have fallen asleep. When I opened my eyes it was with an impression that some one was standing over me, and seeing no one as I looked up, I thought that I must have been mistaken; and yet I could not shake off the idea that some person had been near me. I was very frightened and very confused, and I made up my mind not to close my eyes again, but to wait till daybreak. I did not have to wait so long. In the distance I saw a light, the light of a lantern, moving slowly on. I was overcome with gratitude at the thought that it might be my father, and that I might speak to him at once. I knew that my father sometimes went out into the grounds at night, but I was not aware for what purpose. I rose to my feet, and softly followed the light till I was sure it was held by my father. Then I went up and spoke to him. I cannot recall what I said, or in what way he answered me. I know that he was at first surprised that I should come to him at so strange an hour, and that, when he got over his surprise, he was in a furious passion. I know, although he continually interrupted me, that I must have succeeded in making him understand why I had presented myself to him. I know that he threatened me and spoke most bitter words, and that he said I had come too late, that he had no longer a child; that every one in the world was his enemy, and was conspiring to ruin him, and that he would drive me from his gates. I have a remembrance of pleading to him, of going on my knees to him, and that he dragged me to my feet, and threw me violently off. I fell fainting to the ground, and remember nothing more of him, except that it was vain for me ever to expect him to have mercy on me. When I recovered I was alone, and it was still dark. Heart-broken, bewildered, and sick, and scarcely knowing what I was doing, I dragged myself away from Parksides, and there was no light in the sky when I left Parksides behind me. It is useless for me to attempt to describe what followed. I must have known the direction to London, and my idea was to get back to my dear aunt, and at the same time to conceal myself from the sight of every one on the road. Whether I succeeded or not I cannot say, and it was only by God's mercy that I reached my aunt's house. There is something so horrible in the accusation that is brought against me that I cannot realize it. I can only pray to God to bring the truth to light!’

“There is in this statement an element of romance and improbability which renders it impossible of belief, especially when it is placed side by side with established evidence. The prisoner refers to a letter she received from her father, in which he says that when she is prepared to obey him she can return to her proper home. But that letter also contains the words: ‘Your guilty desires can only be accomplished by my death.’

“We come now to the evidence of another witness, the policeman Tom Barley, which told fatally against the prisoner; which perhaps turned the scale against her, and dispelled any doubts which the jury might have entertained. This man, who receives from his superiors a character in every way satisfactory and honorable, was a servant in Miser Farebrother's house during the childhood of the prisoner. His devotion to the prisoner cannot be doubted; his belief in her innocence is not to be shaken, and yet he gave fatal evidence against her. We append here a résumé of the evidence to which we allude, leading up to it by a few questions put to other witnesses, all of them friends of the prisoner.

“Mrs. Lethbridge is examined:

“‘On the day the prisoner left your house secretly for Parksides, what was the color of her dress?’—‘Blue.’

“‘Did she wear it the whole of the day?’—‘Yes.’

“‘In the evening, when you and your family were sitting at home, the prisoner being with you, had she this blue dress on?’—‘Yes.’

“‘Did she change it at all during the day or night?’—‘No.’

“‘You are positive she left your house wearing this blue dress?’—‘I am positive.’

“Miss Fanny Lethbridge, the prisoner's cousin, is examined:

“‘Do you remember the dress the prisoner wore on the night she left your parents' house for Parksides?’—‘Yes.’

“‘What was its color?’—‘Blue. It is her favorite color.’

“‘You have no doubt in your mind that her dress was blue?’—‘No.’

“‘Could she have changed it unknown to you?’—‘No; she had only one other dress, a gray one, and that was hanging up in our room.’

“'Melia Jane, maid of all work in Mrs. Lethbridge's house, examined:

“‘You met the prisoner shortly after she left your mistress's house on the night her father was murdered?’—‘Yes.’

“‘She gave you a message to deliver to your mistress?’—‘Yes; she said she was going to Parksides to see her father.’

“‘Did you notice the dress she was wearing?’—‘I sor it.’

“‘What dress was it?’—‘Her favorite frock, a bloo one.’

“‘Is there any doubt in your mind upon the point?’—‘None at all. She had her bloo frock on.’

“Tom Barley is examined:

“‘You were in the service of the murdered man?’—‘For many a long year. My grandfather and grandmother were care-takers there before Miser Farebrother took possession.’

“‘Answer only the questions that are put to you. What age was the prisoner when you entered her father's service?’—‘Miss Phœbe couldn't have been more than two. I was there when she first came.’

“‘You were previously engaged, then?’—‘Yes; at twopence a week, and I never got more.’

“‘What inducement was there for you to remain?’—‘Well, I grew up there, so to speak; and I couldn't bear the thought of leaving Miss Phœbe.’

“‘The prisoner?’—‘Yes.’

“‘To serve her was a pleasing duty?’—‘I would die for her.’

“‘If it were in your power you would testify in her favor?’—‘I should be sorry to say a word against her.’

“‘But you would tell the truth?’—‘I must.’

“‘Were you as much attached to your master?’—‘No. If he was alive I would tell you what I thought of him.’

“‘But being dead, you say nothing?’—‘It's more decent.’

“‘Apart from their relationship as father and child, what kind of feeling existed between them?’—‘He had no feeling for her; he hardly took notice of her. She would have loved him if he'd have let her; but he had other notions.’

“‘You left his service less than a year ago?’—‘Yes. I'll tell you the reason of it.’

“‘We do not want to know the reason. Do you remember the night of the murder of Miser Farebrother?’—‘Yes.’

“‘On that night did you go to Mrs. Lethbridge's house?’—‘Yes.’

“‘After or before the prisoner left it?’—‘After Miss Phœbe left.’

“‘Were you spoken to about her having gone away?’—‘Yes.’

“‘By whom?’—‘By Mrs. Lethbridge.’

“‘What did she say to you?’—‘That Miss Phœbe, without asking her advice, had gone to Parksides, and would I go after her and see that she would come to no harm.’

“‘Was there any fear of her coming to harm in her father's house?’—‘A good deal. She wasn't safe there.’

“‘That is your opinion?’—‘Yes, it's my opinion, and the truth.’

“‘You went?’—‘Yes. I had time, without interfering with my duty.’

“‘You were glad to go?’—‘I was glad to do anything to serve Miss Phœbe.’

“‘Did you go by the train?’—‘I was too late for trains; I walked.’

“‘A tiring walk?’—‘Not for me. I shouldn't think anything of forty mile.’

“‘What did you do when you arrived at Parksides?’—‘I looked about for Miss Phœbe.’

“‘Did you see her?’—‘No.’

“‘Did you remain there for any length of time?’—‘Up to the last safe minute. I had to get back to London to my duty by a certain time.’

“‘I understand, then, that you remained until the last safe minute?’—‘Yes.’

“‘When you left Parksides, was it night or morning?’—‘Morning. The sun was rising.’

“‘You could distinguish objects perfectly?’—‘Yes.’

“‘Did you walk about Parksides freely? Was there any restraint upon your movements?’—‘I don't know about restraints. It is the truth that I did not wish to be seen.’

“‘Why?’—‘There was no love lost between me and Miser Farebrother. He wouldn't have been pleased to see me.’

“‘You knew you had no right to be there?’—‘I was doing no harm, and had no intention of doing any. I wanted to be of service to Miss Phœbe.’

“‘You were, however, careful in your movements?’—‘Yes.’

“‘Now, you say it was sunrise when you left?’—‘It was.’

“‘And that you could see clearly?’—‘Yes.’

“‘Is your eyesight good?’—‘Very good. I can almost see in the dark.’

“‘But you could not distinguish colors in the dark?’—‘I don't say I could. At all events, I wouldn't swear to them.’

“‘You have stated that you did not see the prisoner. But did you see any one you knew?’—‘It's hard to answer.’

“‘Not at all. You must be able to state whether you saw anything, before you left Parksides, that attracted your attention.’—‘I am able to state that, but I answer your questions as you put them to me.’

“‘And I do not complain of your answers. I am pleased to say that you are giving your evidence in a perfectly straightforward manner.’—‘Thank you, sir.’

“‘Well, then, you say you did not see any one whom you knew; but did you see any one at all?’—‘Yes, I did. A woman.’

“‘How do you know it was a woman?’—‘By her dress.’

“‘You saw that?’—‘Clearly.’

“‘I wish to lead up intelligibly and distinctly to this, and I am sure you will assist me—your desire being that justice shall be done?’—‘It is my desire, sir; then everything will be right.’

“‘You saw a woman, you say. Did you see her only once?’—‘I saw her three times.’

“‘At what distance was she from you?’—‘Say thirty or forty yards.’

“‘Always at about that distance?’—‘Always at about that.’

“‘Among the trees?’—‘Yes.’

“‘Did you walk toward her?’—‘Yes.’

“‘Well?’—‘Then she disappeared.’

“‘On every occasion?’—‘On every occasion.’

“‘As if she were hiding from you?’—‘It looked like it.’

“‘As if, discovering that you were walking toward her, she did not wish you to see her?’—‘It's fair to say that.’

“‘Was her face turned toward you?’—‘Never once.’

“‘Then you could not recognize it?’—‘It wasn't possible.’

“‘That is why you say you did not see any one whom you knew?’—‘Yes, that is the reason.’

“‘However, you knew it was a woman by her dress?’—‘Yes.’

“‘By the form or the color of her dress?’—‘More by the color than the form, though I am certain both ways.’

“‘But the color enables you to be quite positive?’—‘Yes.’

“‘Now what was the color of the dress worn by this woman?’—‘It was blue.’

“‘Is there any possibility that you could have been mistaken?’—‘No.’

“‘You swear it was blue?’—‘I swear it.’

“‘And the woman who wore this blue dress, discovering that you were following her, seemed anxious that you should not see her face?’—‘It seemed so.’

“These were the salient features of the examination of Tom Barley, corroborated, as they were, by the evidence of witnesses favorable to the prisoner. Lurking about the grounds of Parksides was a woman in a blue drees, who was unmistakably anxious that he should not recognize her. The conclusion is that she was known to him, and that she had reasons for avoiding him.

“The prisoner, when she left her aunt's house on the night of the murder, wore a blue dress—her favorite color. Even without this evidence there was sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty of the crime of which she stood charged; but it was natural, perhaps, that her youth and beauty would have won the day with impressionable men had it not been for this important evidence of color. In association with Miser Farebrother were two women only, Mrs. Pamflett and the prisoner. Setting a due value upon Tom Barley's evidence, the prosecution had carefully sifted it, and the conclusion arrived at was indisputable. Mrs. Pamflett was not a favorite in Beddington and round about; she had no friends or acquaintances there or anywhere; but she had been compelled to make her purchases in the village, and her appearance was familiar by force of circumstance. She had never been known to wear a blue dress; it was, she said, a detestable color, and she would not purchase even a piece of ribbon of that hue. As the prisoner's favorite color was blue, so Mrs. Pamflett's was pink, and in all the house-keeper's wardrobe—which, it may be mentioned, was thrown open to the investigation of the prosecution—there was not a fabric of blue.

“Another thing told heavily against the prisoner. In her statement she said that ‘it was still dark when she went away’ from Parksides. She said, ‘There was no light in the sky when I left Parksides behind me.’ Tom Barley proved that he saw her in a blue dress when the sun was rising. A sad duty indeed devolved upon the jury, but it was a duty which had to be fulfilled. The verdict of ‘Guilty’ which was returned was one which could not be avoided by conscientious men, however painful it must have been. Phœbe Farebrother is not the only beautiful and apparently gentle woman upon whom sentence of death has been passed.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMINISCENCES OF A PAINTER.

LOOKING into the windows of the print shops, there are few engravings which have attracted more public attention than those showing such phases of out-of-door English life as Mr. Frith's “Ramsgate Sands,” the “Derby Day,” the “Railway Station,” and the “Old English Merrymaking.” If Thackeray will go down to posterity as the literary chronicler of the Victorian age, Mr. Frith stands a good chance of being remembered as its artistic delineator. Some hundreds of years from now, as long as Mr. Frith's canvases or the engravings of his subjects exist, those yet to come will learn in minutest detail how their forefathers dressed, looked, or amused themselves in the middle and latter part of the nineteenth century. It is a narrow conception of art which insists that painters should devote themselves alone to the production of purely poetical subjects, or those which touch our higher emotions. A wider, broader appreciation of art is a necessity. Mr. Frith, because he struck out a new path for himself, seizing on subjects which men less painstaking, less observant or original, had overlooked or deemed beneath their notice—for this reason the writer of this autobiography acquired fame and fortune.

Mr. Frith, in the story of his life (*My Autobiography and Reminiscences:* Harper & Brothers), makes no pretence to high literary art, for he is, above all, a painter. He tells of himself in a straightforward manner, and on this account this autobiography is a very good book and full of interest. In the exercise of his calling Mr. Frith has met all the distinguished artists, literary men, and statesmen for the last fifty years. He has always an amusing anecdote to tell, and he has the true talent of a *raconteur*. Mr. Frith was born in 1819, at Aldfield, a little village in Yorkshire, his father being the landlord of an inn called the Dragon. The painter's father had some slight liking for prints, not perhaps of the choicest kind, but these pictures attracted the lad's attention when he was eleven years old.

> “As nearly as I can remember, it was on a winter's evening in 1830, when I was sitting idly looking over some of my father's engravings—having previously obeyed an order from my mother to wash my hands, as those members in their normal condition were justly considered to be unfit to touch those precious prints—that I asked for a pencil and paper, and tried to copy an engraving of a dog. What impelled me to the deed which actually determined my future life I cannot tell. If I might guess at the motive, I think it was merely that I thought it would afford me a chance of sitting up later than the hour of the children's bedtime—rigorously fixed at nine o'clock—as it did, for I was allowed to finish my wonderful production there and then. If I have a doubt as to what prompted me to my first work, I have none whatever as to what induced me to undertake the second. I received sixpence for the dog, with a promise of a similar reward for another effort.”

The father was of a practical turn of mind, and though his son had some inclination toward becoming an auctioneer, thought that since the boy showed some talent for drawing, study might improve and develop this artistic taste. In 1835, under charge of his father, Frith went to London, and the future painter tells of London of half a century ago, with its passenger coaches, which stopped at the Saracen's Head, on Snow Hill. In London Mr. Frith had a brother-in-law who kept a hotel, and the lad's uncle and aunt did their best to prevent their nephew's becoming an artist. There was some talk among the family of interesting no less a personage than an R. A. in regard to young Frith.

> “‘R. A., sir,’ said my uncle. ‘Why, they're as poor as rats, the lot of 'em. I know for a fact that ——,’ naming one of the most eminent animal painters that ever lived, ‘never paid for a dead swan, or a deer, or something, that he got from that place in the New Road; and what is more, he lodged for six weeks with a cousin of my 'ead waiter, and ran away without paying a farthing. And that's the kind of thing you're going to bring your son up to!’”

The father determined to send him to a Mr. Sass, who kept a school of art in Charlotte Square, Bloomsbury, and here the lad went to work. Sass seems to have been a good master and an exacting one, putting his pupils through a long course of drudgery. One thing that impressed itself on Mr. Frith's memory was a huge white plaster ball standing on a pedestal, which was, when copied over and over again, to give young artists some idea “of light, shadow, and rotundity.” After a pupil was proficient with the ball, he was put to work on a gigantic bunch of plaster grapes. Sass adored the antique, and would not permit of the least disrespect to his plaster figures. Once when Frith left some dirty paint-brushes on the plinth where an Apollo stood, the pupil was told “that if such conduct occurred again, immediate expulsion would follow.” At Sass's, Frith met Jacob Bell, who was a pupil. This Bell, because of some practical joke played on Sass, was sent off. Bell, whose father kept a druggist's shop on Oxford Street, left his son a large fortune, and Bell was afterward the best friend Sir Edwin Landseer ever had. Bell's father, who was a rigid Quaker, disapproved of his son's artistic tendencies, and had no confidence in the pictures bought by him. One day the father said to his son,

> “‘What business hast thou to buy those things, wasting thy substance?’
>
> “‘I can sell any of *those things* for more than I gave for them, some for twice as much.’
>
> “‘Is that verily so?’ said the old man. ‘Then I see no sin in thy buying more.’”

The rudimentary work at Sass's annoyed Frith, but the master insisted on his particular method of instruction, and Frith kept steadily at work. At last he was permitted, putting aside chalk, to try his 'prentice hand in black and white with paint-brushes, his subject being an antique model. His first attempt he tells of with delight, when he painted in color "a brown jug, a wicker Florence oil bottle, and an old inkstand." In time Frith went to the Life School, where an R.A. presided whose name was Jones. Jones prided himself on looking like the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Frith writes about Mr. Jones:

> "I may say of Mr. Jones that he was chiefly known as a painter of military pictures, and in dress and person he so much resembled the great Duke of Wellington that, to his extreme delight, he was often mistaken for that hero, and saluted accordingly. On this coming to the ears of the Duke, he said: 'Dear me! Mistaken for me, is he? That's strange, for no one ever mistakes me for Mr. Jones.'"

Leaving Sass's, not perhaps very fully equipped, Mr. Frith sought his uncle Scaife, where he had an occasional sitter for a portrait, and then went to Lincolnshire. He spent four months taking likenesses of the country squires. He went back to London, and now painted his first subject picture, taken from a scene in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Mr. Frith remembers the criticism he received, which was in the *Art Union*, and it read, "The young painter has given proof that he thinks while he labors." Attending Haydon's lectures, he cites what Haydon said about Vandyck's color:

> "A very old lady, said he, who had sat for her portrait to Vandyck in her youth, sat to Hudson, Reynolds's master, in her old age. She complained of the darkness of her complexion as rendered by Hudson, and told that artist 'that Vandyck's complexions were very different, as much too pale,' in her opinion, 'as Hudson's were too dark.' In passing through Vandyck's gallery at Blackfriars, in which were many pale pictures, she asked why he had painted with such fresh, pale colors. 'Because,' said Vandyck, 'I have to allow for the darkening effect of time.' Of the truth of this story there could be no doubt, for Hudson told it to Reynolds, Reynolds to Northcote (his pupil), Northcote to Haydon, and Haydon to us."

In 1840 Mr. Frith's first picture found a place in the Academy; it was "Malvolio Cross-gartered before the Countess Olivia." Then there was joy in the Frith family, and "they had oysters for supper." The horror a young suitor for artistic fame experiences, Mr. Frith tells, when he saw this, his first love, completely extinguished by more gaudy or flashy pictures, and he tells this amusing story:

> "A story is told of an artist who sent to the Royal Academy a half-length portrait of an admiral; it was his first exhibit, and being a very excellent picture, was placed on the line in one of the best rooms, and flanked by pictures of Academicians on each side. In early days the Royal Academicians had varnishing days, but denied them to outsiders. One of the Academicians who found himself, or rather his picture, to be the immediate neighbor of the admiral, was, or thought he was, terribly damaged by the bright blue coat and realistic gold epaulets of the naval warrior. All his efforts to 'paint up' to the destructive picture were unavailing, so he took a full brush of glazing color, and *toned down the admiral*. When the author of that work cast his eyes upon it on the opening day, he exclaimed to a friend, 'I have heard of the effect of the exhibition upon pictures, but I will not believe the change in mine is produced in that way. *No, by Jove!* look here: some of those dashed R.A.'s have been at it! I can see the glaze all over it.' A formal complaint was made to the council; the guilty R.A. acknowledged his crime, and was reprimanded."

Mr. Frith's first success was a picture having for its subject a scene taken from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and it was sold for 100 guineas. A great admirer of Dickens, Mr. Frith's bright picture of Dolly Varden attracted the famous novelist's attention, and when Frith was better known he painted for Dickens another Dolly and a Kate Nickleby. For these two pictures Mr. Dickens paid £40, and at the sale of the novelist's effects they fetched 1300 guineas. The best compliment that could have been paid him was what Mr. Dickens said, "They are exactly what I meant, and I am very much obliged to you for painting them for me." Through life Frith and Dickens were fast friends, but our artist, though appreciating Thackeray's literary work, did not like him. As Michael Angelo Titmarsh in *Fraser*, Thackeray was occasionally rough in his art criticism, and it can be said that supreme as he was as a novelist, in his art appreciations he was oftener wrong than right. Mr. Frith tells the following story of how Thackeray "roasted" him. The young painter was induced to meet Thackeray at some club:

> "My friend and I entered the Deanery smoking-room, and found a very convivial party, all intimately acquainted, seemingly, listening to a song from a gentleman named Mahony, who under the name of Father Prout had made himself somewhat celebrated. By his side sat a big man, to whom I was introduced, and I had the honor of a hand-shake by the great Thackeray. I was very young at the time, although I had just been elected an Associate of the Academy, and I sat in awe-struck silence listening to the brilliant talk of those men. Some one called on Thackeray for a song, and he instantly struck up one of his own writing, as I was told. I forget the words, but I remember two individuals—Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmy—who seemed to be the presiding geniuses of it. No sooner had the applause accorded to it subsided than Thackeray turned to me and said, 'Now then, Frith, you d——d saturnine young Academician, sing us a song.' I was dumb before this address, and far too confounded to say anything in reply. Encouraged, perhaps, by my proving myself such an easy butt, the attack was renewed a little later in the evening. 'I'll tell you what it is, Frith, you had better go home; your aunt is sitting up for you with a big muffin.' Again I was paralyzed, and shortly after I went home."

In 1854 Mr. Frith was elected an Associate, and as an A.R.A. he tells, in a laughing way, of the cold receptions he received when calling on some of his illustrious brothers.

The picture Mr. Frith next painted, "An Old English Merrymaking," was the foundation of his fame. What will strike the artist most particularly is Mr. Frith's immense capacity of taking pains. Heretofore his work had barely risen above the commonplace. Now with this picture, which was novel in composition and judicious in its selection, he at once challenged and won public attention. He tells us how careful he was with this picture; how everything was studied. "I put no trust in fancy for the smallest detail of the picture." The tree was an exact study of a patriarch in Windsor Forest. Every figure was from life.

Never at a loss for a pleasant story, Mr. Frith, when explaining the necessity of truthful study, presents the following:

> "I have never forgotten a conversation between two students who were drawing behind me in the Antique School of the Academy. Said one to the other, 'Who did you get to sit for Nell Gwynne in your picture of Charles II. and that lady?' 'Miss Truman,' said his friend. 'You know her? Sits in the Life. A doosid good model.' 'Yes, I know her,' said the questioner. 'Thought you'd had her. More like her than Nell Gwynne, ain't it? And the King—who sat for him?' 'Oh,' was the reply, in a rather conceited tone, 'I did him from nothing.' 'And you've made him very like,' said the candid friend."

Before exhibition, "An Old English Merrymaking" was sold for £350, and attracted great attention; but what delighted the artist more was the praise Turner gave it. Everything found in this autobiography about Turner is pleasant to read, and Turner was—at least Mr. Frith so believes—not half so cross as represented.

> "Turner was, without doubt, the greatest landscape painter that ever lived; but so mysterious were some of his last productions, so utterly unlike nature, to my eyes, that I should almost be inclined to agree with Reinagle that they would look as well the wrong way up as the right way. Strange as it may sound, it is absolutely true, that I have heard Turner ridicule some of his own later works quite as skilfully as the newspapers did. For example, at a dinner when I was present, a salad was offered to Turner, who called the attention of his neighbor at the table (Jones Lloyd, afterward Lord Overstone) to it in the following words: 'Nice cool green that lettuce, isn't it? and the beet root pretty red—not quite strong enough; and the mixture, delicate tint of yellow that. Add some mustard, and then you have one of my pictures.' It was and always will be a puzzle to me how a man whose earlier works are the wonder and admiration of all who see them could have reconciled himself to the production of beautiful phantasmagoria, representing nothing in the 'heavens above, or the earth beneath.' And what is still more wonderful is that people can be found to admire and buy them at such enormous prices."

In 1851 Mr. Frith was at Ramsgate, and writes, "I was determined to try my hand at modern life, with all its drawbacks of unpicturesque dress." He sketched the "Sands," and the idea seems to have come to him of representing the whole scene of an English water resort. Long, laboriously, steadfastly he went at the task. The picture was finished in 1853. Mr. Frith's diary during two years attests how it fully and solely occupied his mind. Often the picture depressed him. Would his labor be appreciated? As in the "Old English Merrymaking," nothing was to be invented. Mr. Frith never did believe that an inner consciousness had creative power. He tells how even the show people, the ambulant menagerie, in the picture, were painted from the life. The "Sea-Side" was an enormous success, and sold by him to dealers, it subsequently became the property of the Queen.

The "Derby Day" was the next picture of Mr. Frith's. Until 1854, the author tells his readers, he had never seen a race-course. His first visit was to Epsom in 1856, in the Blink Bonnie year. After about eighteen months of intense labor the picture was finished. Mr. Frith gives all details of the models he has employed, and very curious are his stories about them. In 1858 "Derby Day" was sent to the exhibition. There was such an immense crowd around the picture that its safety was endangered, and to protect it the authorities had to put up a rail around it and detail a policeman. In a charming letter to his sister Mr. Frith lets her know of his triumph. He tells her that putting up a rail has only happened once before, and that was when Wilkie exhibited his "Chelsea Pensioners" in 1822. The artist's returns from the sale of this picture and rights to engrave it were very large.

In 1859 Charles Dickens sat for his portrait, and Dickens was very particular about a velvet coat his tailor had to have ready. Dickens had a capital portrait made, and he told Frith that a first picture somebody made of him bore "a strong resemblance to Ben Caunt," a noted prize-fighter. This is a nice little bit of humor about the strange ideas people have of what other people ought to look like:

> "On our conversation turning on the preconceived idea that people always entertain of celebrities in literature or art, to whose personal appearance they are strangers, he said he had had frequent experience of the dismay which seemed to take possession of persons on their first introduction to him. 'And they occasionally allow their disappointment to take the form of positive objection. For instance,' said he, 'Scheffer—who is a big man, I believe, in your line—said, the moment he saw me, "You are not at all like what I expected to see you; you are like a Dutch skipper." As for the picture he did of me, I can only say that it is neither like me nor a Dutch skipper.' In my own small way I told him I had had a similar experience, for on being introduced to a North-country art patron, he said, 'You don't look a bit like an artist; I should have put you down for a well-to-do farmer.' 'Yes,' rejoined Dickens, 'and then they look at you as if it was your fault—and one for which you deserve to be kicked—because you fail to realize their ideal of what you ought to be.'"

The "Railway Station" was begun probably immediately after the "Derby Day," and now Mr. Frith accepted the services of Flatow, an art *entrepreneur*, and Mr. Frith sold the picture for £4500. His next work was a picture commemorative of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. If Mr. Frith in his other works had studied all such details as are found at race-courses or railroad stations, to present truthfully with portraits and accessories a royal marriage he found to be a much more difficult task. You can hire an acrobat or a faker at five shillings a sitting, but a maid-of-honor, or a prince, duke, or bishop, is more difficult to bring to your studio. In this part of the autobiography Mr. Frith is at his best, and as he describes the high and lofty demeanor of certain ladies one wonders at the patience and good-breeding of the artist. At last, when the gown of a Queen of Bavaria was obtained, loaned with the proviso that no beer was to be spilled on the royal robe, the last obstacle was removed.

Mr. Frith has written a natural book, and extracts of a novel and amusing character to be taken from it would fill many columns. It will rank as one of the most delightful contributions made to the *memoires pour servir* of this and the last generation.

THE BRIDGE OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.

With steam-power naval construction took a new departure, and there had to be adaptations for novel requirements. With a steamer as long as are some blocks in New York, to be able to see, from some elevated point on the deck, ahead, astern, became a necessity. The man at the wheel, placed right above the rudder, is a thing of the past. Certainly the idea of the bridge on a steamer derived its origin from the pilot-houses on American steamers, which were built near the bows, and in use long before they were known in Europe. To the man not of a nautical turn of mind how one of these huge vessels is brought neatly alongside of the dock or taken out into the stream without a collision, or even a bump, is a matter of wonder. It is an officer on the bridge who sees everything and anticipates all possible contingencies. Convenient to his hand are the various signals, and he controls the action of the engineer. Near him, within call, is the quartermaster, and with a single word he gives the needed instructions, and a quick and cool hand it is that is at the wheel. Of a pleasant day, when all is clear, a position on the bridge of an ocean steamer is a delightful one. You are high enough above the deck to be free from all the smells of the ship; and this place on the bridge is sometimes given to distinguished passengers by the captain. It is perfectly enjoyable there when the sky is clear and the water smooth, but it is the most uncomfortable of all places in rough weather. On the bridge every roll and pitch of the ship is accentuated. Here, no matter how ugly are the seas, how terrible the blast, must stand either one or more of the officers of the ship; and when the gale is at the heaviest the captain invariably takes a place there. Precautions are sometimes used, as by stretching heavy canvas around the bridge, to deaden somewhat the effects of a passing wave which might break over the side of the ship. It often happens that a green sea weighing tons strikes the bridge as if it were a huge hammer, and canvas no more resists the force of the sea than were it paper. On more than one occasion brave men in pursuit of their duty have been carried out of the bridge by the surging seas and lost. Driven as are steamers at a high rate of speed, the greatest watchfulness is necessary. Steamers follow somewhat an ocean lane, and it may be broad and wide, and yet chances of a collision are always possible. Especially when the coast is near are the officers stationed on the bridge, and eyes are strained for an early sight of the land if it be day, or of the light if it be at night. Mr. De Thulstrup shows on our double-page picture a night at sea when there is dirty weather. The wind is howling through the rigging, and the seas angry. Just in front of one of the officers is the man at the wheel. If a particularly ugly sea be seen coming, a word from the captain intimates how the steamer is to escape it. Just a slight turn of the spokes of the wheel suffices, but sometimes, while one heavy mass of water is being evaded, another presents itself on the opposite side. Then the steamer has to take it. It comes aboard, and the good ship staggers under the blow. Drenched to the skin, the breath almost knocked out of them, still these brave men on the bridge hold their places. Certain white incrustations, which sometimes show themselves on the smoke-stacks of steamers when they come into port, attest how seas have broken quite over the bridge.

PUTTING THE WIRES UNDERGROUND.

It needs but a glance at the vast net-work of electric wires spread over the heads of New-Yorkers to appreciate the magnitude of the work involved in arranging them symmetrically underground. That all the wires of a great city have never yet been put underground is not because the electric companies oppose the plan from a business stand-point; if financial reasons alone governed the case, the wires would disappear with most gratifying rapidity. The fact that one great danger would be obviated thereby would cause the hastening of the work. Seven years ago a sleet storm swept over this city, and to repair the damage to the wires the electric companies spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. This destruction may be duplicated any winter so long as the aerial system is maintained. But the main objections to burying the wires come from the electrical side of the problem, and it is the opinion of eminent electricians that, with the present knowledge, the several systems of utilizing the electric current could not be operated nearly as successfully with the wires underground as above. Such being the case, it is evident that extended experiments will be necessary before the new method attains the same degree of perfection as the old.

The electrical difficulties will be apparent as we describe the work that has been and is being done in this city. In 1884 the Legislature passed an act calling upon the companies to take down their wires by November of the following year, but neglected to provide any way of enforcing the act. Consequently nothing was done. In 1885 a second act was passed with a view to enforcing the first act by means of a Board of Commissioners of Electrical Subways, who were appointed for two years, and who had full power to call upon companies owning and operating wires to put and maintain them underground. Sixty days' notice under this law was given to all the companies in which to submit plans to the Commissioners. The time expired, and yet the companies took no action. The Commissioners then, as provided for in the act, proceeded to consider for themselves a method of ridding the streets of what had been declared by law to be a nuisance, and invited patentees and experts who had given the subject special study to submit to them plans and specifications such as they considered best adapted for the work of substituting an underground electric service for that existing overhead. The response to this was large and varied. The state of the art was such that grave differences of opinion existed as to whether the object to be attained was scientifically possible. No such work had ever been attempted in any city in the world. Individual efforts had been made in this city and in Europe. The Western Union Company has for years had in operation underground connections between its main office and the exchanges, the river, and its branch stations. The system consists of pipes containing insulated conductors. The Metropolitan Telephone Company practically tested three different methods. In Spring Street they laid an iron pipe containing copper wire cable wrapped with cotton, the pipe being filled with a heavy mineral oil. In Twenty-first Street they put down an iron pipe and its copper wires, but filled the pipe with paraffine. In Thirty-ninth Street the conductors were placed in a wooden box filled with tar or asphaltum. All these lines work well, but being isolated instances, free from external disturbances, and having the same duty to perform, they are not under the conditions that would prevail if all the wires were underground; and their successful operation does not insure a similar result to the undertaking considered as a whole.

The New York Board of Commissioners personally examined the underground systems at Washington, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and the result of their labors is shown in the report which they made, to the effect that up to the present time no underground conduit had been found to work perfectly. They therefore decided not to tie themselves down to any particular plan or system, but to be guided by the requirements of each locality as presented.

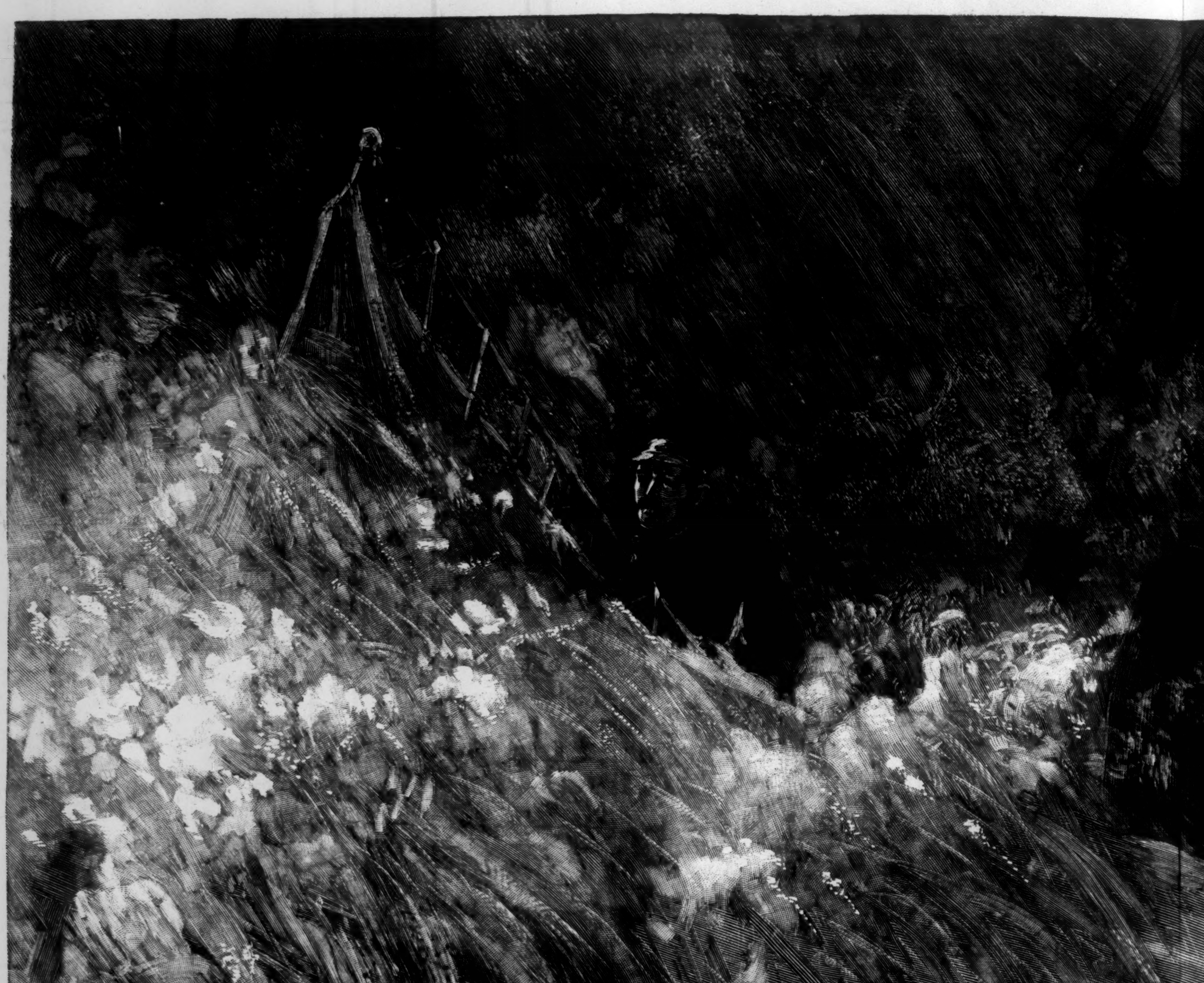
The first work ordered was on Sixth Avenue, from Twenty-first to Fifty-eighth streets, where a conduit containing twenty-four 2½-inch ducts was constructed of an asphaltum concrete. Into these ducts lead-covered cables containing one hundred copper conductors, insulated from each other, were drawn at the end of 1886, and have been in use by the Metropolitan Telephone Company and the Fire Department since that time. This is technically known as a drawing in-and-out system, as the cables can be withdrawn and replaced as required, by means of suitable man-holes, without necessitating the disturbance of the surface of the streets. A line is established through each duct by lengths of gas-pipe, which are screwed together length by length as they are pushed through the opening. The cable is then pulled through by a horse operating a block and fall. Each section of cable is tested before being drawn in, to make sure that it has received no injury from handling; and as soon as a new section has been added and spliced, the whole line finished to that point is tested.

The work of building the subways was seriously impeded by an adverse decision of the courts, based upon the faulty construction of the act constituting the Board. This was remedied and further powers were granted by the Legislature of 1887, when the Board was reorganized by the addition of the Mayor of the city, the official name being the Board of Electrical Control. The last Legislature also confirmed the contract entered into with the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway Company, under which that company is authorized to construct the subways under the direction of the Board. The actual work of building is done by the Phœnix Construction Company. The Board was organized in June last, and since then two hundred and fifty miles of ducts have been constructed.

The ducts when completed are rented to the electric companies. The wires of the Fire Department illustrate the method pursued. At the present time these wires are partly aerial and partly underground. When the conduit has been finished along a certain line, the wires are placed in it and the pole line abandoned. This explains why a particular wire may extend upon poles some distance and then drop into a duct of the subway, at the end of which it again mounts to the poles. In this way the wires are being removed from the poles in sections of varying lengths, according to the length of subway ready for occupancy. The conduits laid vary considerably both in material and form, and also in the manner of placing them in the ground. The asphaltum conduits are moulded in short pieces longitudinally, through which the ducts pass, so that when the sections are joined end to end, continuous openings for the reception of wires are formed through the entire length. In some localities wrought-iron pipes and sheet-iron pipes, lined with pure cement and laid in concrete, are used.

In some places the close proximity of the pipes of the Steam-heating Company forms an obstacle to the successful operation of the system of no mean importance. Distance and the use of suitable packing prevent injury so long as no steam escapes; but when the steam is free to penetrate to and surround the conduits the insulation is in danger. The underground line built by the Western Union from its main station to the Cotton Exchange passed through Pearl Street, and had to be abandoned because it was found impossible to protect the conductors from the heat of the steam-pipes.

Provision has been made for the complete separation of the electric-light service from all others by building the subway for the former on one side of the street, and that for the latter on the opposite side. This is an essential precaution, as the powerful current of the arc light would be apt to create induced currents in the telephone lines, which would interfere with the working of that delicate instrument.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ON THE BRIDGE OF AN OCEAN STEAMER IN AN ATLA

LANTIC STORM.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 899.]

FLETCHER.

By EMIL BARKSDALE.

"My name is Fletcher, at yer sarvice, mistis."

This he said to me in a very respectful, even courteous, manner, lifting his hat as he received from my hand the rather large travelling satchel and several smaller articles with which I was encumbered.

"Marse Eddard wur call' away yistiddy ruther unexpectid, an' Miss Jean say as how she reckin you'd scuse him under de succumstences," he continued, as he deposited the aforesaid articles in the phaeton after I was comfortably seated.

"Certainly, Fletcher," I replied, feeling secretly relieved at having the dreaded first interview with my employer deferred. I was young, diffident, and inexperienced; this was my first venture at teaching, and nothing but a strong, compelling sense of the duty I owed my parents could ever have determined me. I had entered into the engagement to teach the two little girls at Beechwood, not without many qualms and misgivings, and had for the past six weeks conjured up all sorts of disturbing fancies. I had pictured to myself the mother of my pupils as proud, imperious, and exacting; the father as austere and sarcastic.

The change from the dust and rattle of the cars to the pleasant jolting over a smooth country road was exceedingly welcome and refreshing. The fields of ripened corn and tobacco, the brilliant autumn foliage of the woodlands, were sweet and restful to my eyes after the rapidly shifting panorama as seen from the car windows; and I was just sinking into a reverie—I was ever a dreamer—when Fletcher again spoke, and half unwillingly I regarded him.

"Is you uver been in dese parts afo', mistis?" he inquired.

Not wishing to relinquish my musings, I shook my head negatively.

"But you's dun hear o' de Sherwood fam'ly?" persisted he.

"Not till six weeks ago," answered I.

A look of disappointment followed, tinged with contempt, I fancied.

"Git up, Morgan! git up, Schewart! yer 'ain' got no sense dis mornin'. Don' yer know who got de reins now? 'Tain' Tom nur Bob dis time, so yer min' now whar yer put yer foot, I tell yer. I 'ain' dun drive de Sherwood kyarridge nigh on ter forty year fur nuthin'."

"Forty years!—almost half a century!" I exclaimed.

Fletcher smiled in a gratified way. He had succeeded in arousing my curiosity.

"Forty year sho 'nuff, mistis, kum nex' Whit-Sunday. Well I 'members de fus time I driv my mistis' kyarridge. Ole Dr. Alexander wur ter preach at Hebron, an' ev'rybody fur miles an' miles round wur a-gwine ter hear de gran' preacher. Mistis' reg'lar driver wur ill an' spectin' ter die. He hed bin tricked by Marse John Hunter's driver, 'cause he allers outdriv him when dey wur all kumin' home fum church. He wuz tired ob de larfin' an' chaffin' ob de darkies, an' he 'termin' ter put a stop ter it. Well, ez I say, mistis was a-wantin' ter go bad, but she wur awful skeery 'bout hosses, an' she wur afeerd fur anybody ter drive her 'cep'n' Jeff. She use sumtimes ter hev Tom or Sam drive her, but dey drivin' didn' suit her. If dey'd jolt her or tilt de kyarridge, mistis would holler, an' dat would skeer de hosses, an' as dey didn' do no wuck 'cep'n' ter pull de kyarridge, an' wuz high fed, dey wuz mighty sperrited, an' den mistis would wring her han's, an' say, 'Oh, Tom!' or 'Oh, Sam! ef yer will jes git me safe home dis time, I'll nuver fergit yer, an' I'll give yer a new coat, or a ham, or bacon, or sump'n.' Dey'd kyar her home safe, but jes as soon as mistis' foot ud tech de po'ch step she'd tu'n ter de driver an' shake her fis' at him, an' say: '*You roscal! I'll* tell yer marster how keerless yer driv me! *He'll* pay yer fur it!'" And the old man chuckled at the recollection. "Well, mistis' she try 'em all, an' at larst it kum my turn. 'Now tell Fletcher ter kum hyar,' she say; 'I b'lieve I'll try him today.' So I kum.

"'Fletcher,' sez she, 'tell me how nigh yer kin drive ter Mister Hunter' kyarridge widout lockin' wheels.'

"'Lor, mistis,' sez I, 'I kin kum in a inch, but ef yer please, mistis, I ruther not kum nigh'n a foot.'

"'You is my man,' sez she. 'Now go an' hitch up an' drive me ter Hebron, an' ef yer kyar me dar an' bring me back safe, I won' fergit yer.'

"Well, mistis, I kyar'd her dar an' brung her safe back, an' ez Jeff died soon arfter, she tuk me fur her reg'lar driver, an' I's bin drivin' de Sherwood kyarridge ever sence."

"Then you must know the history of the whole Sherwood family," said I.

"Yer better b'lieve I does, mistis;" and the old man sighed and looked sad, after the manner of his race.

Some reminiscence of an unpleasant nature had been awakened by my remark. He cut the left horse a sharp crack. "Git up, yer roscal," he said.

Fully five minutes passed. The old man seemed lost in meditation. Presently he remarked, in a half-soliloquizing manner:

"Dey suttinly was good ole times afo' de war. Allers plenty ter eat an' plenty ter w'ar. Plenty o' darkies ter keep de plantation a-goin' widout wuckin' de po' nigger ter def; good dinners, an' whiskey a-runnin' like water in de wheat harves' an' de corn-shuckin's. Lord! I wush it wur so now, fur my part. De wife an' chillun all took'n good kyar on in sickness an' all. War an' no war, I's nuver lef' my people a day, an' I nuver will, tell I's kyar'd forcible, fur dey's allers been good an' kind ter Fletcher."

"Tell me something of the family in the old times before the war," said I.

"Well, mistis," he replied, "it's a good six mile afo' yer kin git home, an' I don' min' tellin' yer, fur eenymos' ev'rybody in Ferginny knows 'bout de Sherwood fam'ly fum gran'father ter gran'son.

"I's heerd tell how de ole man uv all kum fum 'cross de water an' settle on he big plantation afo' de Revolution war. He hed plenty o' darkies an' plenty o' craps an' plenty o' money, an' wuz one o' de *grandees*, I kin tell yer. He wuz allers a-mixin' in pollyticks, an' wuz spoke uv fur Gov'ner. Wheder he wuz a W'ig or a Jimcrack, I dun know, but he son wur a out an' out *Jimcrack*. De ole man died jes 'bout de time he son, Marse Jeemes, grow'd up an' lef' kollidge, so he place fell to he son, an' de daughter married an' move wid her husband to Georgy.

"Marse Jeemes tuk ter pollyticks as nat'ral as a duck ter water, an' when he wur 'bout twenty-five year ole dey run him fur de Legislatur'. He hed a kollidge frien' who dun married a beautiful lady, an' wur a-boardin' at de Cote House. Marse Jeemes hed dun married too afo' he frien', an' hed one little boy two or three year ole. Marse Jeemes an' Marse Henry Wilbur were mos' like brudders, an' dey wives wuz like two peas in a pod. When Marse Jeemes was run fur a office his frien' would 'lectioneer fur him. Bimeby, when Marse Jeemes' turn was out, dey sot up Marse Henry, an' den Marse Jeemes wuck fur him, an' 'lected him, an' so on, fus one an' den de oder.

"Arfter dis, things didn' go on like dey did at fus, an' people telled Marse Jeemes dat Marse Henry wuz wuckin' fur heself whilst he wuz 'tendin' ter wuck fur Marse Jeemes. Well, it kum Marse Jeemes' turn, an' den Marse Henry say he would do ev'rything he could ter git Marse Jeemes 'lected, an' went ter de 'vention ter 'ten' ter it. Marse Jeemes couldn' go, 'cause he wife wur ill. He didn' git de nomination, an' some gen'l'men telled him 'twuz 'cause Marse Henry didn' try ter git it fur him, as he promus.

"When Marse Jeemes heerd dis he wur so mad he couldn' see straight, an' he went right at wunst ter see Marse Henry, an' call him a traiter an' more hard names. Marse Henry struck Marse Jeemes when he call him traiter, an' dey would 'a fit it out right den an' dar ef dey hadn' bin parted. Dey didn' neider on 'em git passified, an' dey parted kumpny widout makin' frien's. Marse Jeemes didn' tell he wife 'bout de quar'l. She wur better now, an' so Marse Jeemes call me up arter supper an' tell me ter hev de kyarridge ready by daybreak nex' mornin', 'cause he hed ter go 'way, an' he wan' ter start early.

"I wuz at de do' wid de kyarridge nex' mornin'. Marse Jeemes eat he breakfus by candle-light, an' I driv out de big front gate jes as de day 'gan ter break in de eas'. When I git ter de cross-roads, I look through de front kyarridge winder ter ax Marse Jeemes which road ter take, an' I seen him wid he head bowed down on he han' an' a-lookin' wid all he eyes at a picter uv he wife. He look mighty sad. I wonder ter myself whether he wur gwine 'way fur a long trip, but I didn' ax him no question.

"Well, de sun done jes riz, an' de birds wuz a-singin' in all de trees, when, 'bout six mile fum home, we kum ter a beautiful green medder, down by de Beechwood Creek. Marse Jeemes, soon as we git dar, order me ter drive through de medder ter a clump o' willers, 'bout two hundred yards fum de road. I dun so, an' when I got dar I wuz s'prised ter see Marse Henry's driver an' kyarridge an' horses drawed up 'mong de trees. Dar wur Marse Henry his self, an' sev'ral mo' gen'l'men, an' dey 'peared ter be waitin' fur Marse Jeemes. I fust thought dey wuz all a-gwine out *squir'l* huntin', but dey wuz handlin' pistols, an' I nuver seed any gen'l'men shoot *squir'ls* 'cep'n' wid guns.

"'What is dey gwine fur ter do, Jonas?' sez I.

"'Dun know,' sez he. 'Dey's gwine ter shoot sump'n, fur I hear Marse Henry sw'ar he wuz gwine ter kill sump'n, I couldn' zactly make out what.'

"Presen'ly two gen'l'men whar I didn' know went one side an' talked low, den dey kum back an' sed sump'n ter Marse Jeemes and Marse Henry, but I didn' kotch what dey sed. Den de two gen'l'men tuk two pistols an' 'mence ter load um. Arfter dat dey step off a suttin distance an' count so many steps.

"'Lor', Jonas, dey's gwine shoot at a mark,' sez I.

"'But whar de mark?' sez he, as Marse Jeemes stept up ter one eend uv de line an' Marse Henry ter de oder.

"'I dun know. I don' see it neider. I reckin dey's gwine fix it now,' sez I.

"Jes den one uv de gen'l'men stept up too, wid a white hanksher in he han'. He say sump'n ter dem, an' den he 'gin ter count in a loud voice, 'One, two, three,' an' jes as he say 'three' he drap de hanksher, an'—*my Gawd!*—Marse Jeemes an' Marse Henry raise de pistols an' shoot right at one anoder. I'll nuver fergit tell my dyin' day how de col' chills run all ober me when I seed dat sight. Yer could 'a knocked me an' Jonas over wid a fedder, an' kyar'd us bofe off on a pin p'int. I couldn' holp it, but I jes broke right out in a reg'lar howl, an' run right ter de place an' flung myself afo' Marse Jeemes. 'Marse Henry, fur Gawd's sake,' sez I, 'don' shoot Marse Jeemes. Ef yer kill him, who gwine tuk kyar o' Miss Rose an' little Marse Walter? Gen'l'men, please make 'em stop an' go home ter dey fam'lies.' I couldn' say no mo', but I broke out in a fresh howl, an' throwed myself down on my knees afo' Marse Henry.

"Well, mem, yer wouldn' b'lieve it, but it tuk de gen'l'men all so suddint dey all 'mence larfin', an' I nuver heerd nuthin' like it. Den dey kum ter Marse Henry, whar hed nuver crack a smile, an' 'pose ter him ter make it up wid Marse Jeemes, 'cause Marse Jeemes dun tell 'em he wur satisfied ef Marse Henry wur. But Marse Henry sw'ar he wurn' satisfied 'tall, an dat Marse Jeemes dun call him traiter, an' he wur gwine hev he heart's blood.

"Den Marse Jeemes say: 'All right, gen'l'men; what please him please me. I didn' wan' ter injer him, 'cause he wur wunst my frien', an' I feel sorry fur he fam'ly, but sence nuthin' but my life will 'tent him, I must pertect myself. I will plant my ball jes atween he eyes.'

"Ev'rybody looked se'rous now, I kin tell yer, mistis. De minnit-men [seconds] loaded up de pistols agin. I try ter stan' my groun' atween Marse Jeemes an' Marse Henry, but Marse Jeemes order me back ter de kyarridge, an' he look so 'termined I wuz 'blige fur ter 'bey. I wuz a-gwine back blubberin', when he call ter me an' sed, 'Fletcher, you is a good-hearted feller, an' ef I falls I want dese gen'l'men ter be witnessis dat I gives ye yer freedom.' At dis I hollered right out an' say I didn' wan' no mo' freedom den I got now. 'Den,' 'tinued he, 'allers be a kind servant ter yer mistis an' young Marse Walter.' Wid dat he tu'n roun', an' ez de minnit-men dun finish loadin' de pistols, dey han's one ter him. Den de same one step back agin an' count jes as he did afo'. I hide my eyes wid my han's when he drap de hanksher, but soon as de 'port ob de pistols wuz ober I look up. Marse Jeemes wur a-standin' wid he han' on he side, but Marse Henry wur a-lyin' on he face right on de groun'. De minnit-men run up an' lif' him, but he wur *dead*, an' de blood wur a-runnin' fum a hole jes atween he eyes, whar Marse Jeemes dun say he wur gwine ter strike.

"'Gen'l'men,' sed my marster, 'I calls yer ter witness it wur dun in self-defence. I am deeply grieve, but it couldn' be oderwise.'

"Den all de gen'l'men telled him he wur scusable. Dey look at he side, an' foun' it wuz only a scratch, an' dey made him git in de kyarridge an' go home. Den dey tuk up Marse Henry body, an' two on 'em went wid it ter he home ter break de news ter he wife.

"When dey telled her, I hearn 'em say she jes give one scream an' fell like dead herself; an' when dey dun lay out de corp' she nuver lef' it tell 'twas kyar'd ter de fam'ly ber'n'-groun'. Den she tuk ter her bed, an' jes pine 'way. In six munts dey kyar'd her an' lay her by he side; an' dat wur de eend o' Marse Henry an' he wife. De Lord hev mussy on de souls ob de po' creeturs!"

"But their child," said I, "what became of it?"

"Oh, Miss Maud; why, she wuz den nigh on ter two year old, an' wur 'dopted by a lady not many miles away, who wur some kin ter her.

"Well, Marse Jeemes he went home, an' I tell yer our mistis hed de hicksturrups bad when she heerd about de jewl, an' how Marse Henry wur killed. She would'n' let Marse Jeemes go outen her sight widout he promus he wurn't gwine fight anoder jewl; an' Marse Jeemes he nuver 'peared de same arfterward. He nuver could be heerd larfin' an' singin' like he use fur ter do afo'. We darkies all notice it, an' a shadder seem ter hang ober de whole plantation. He had two more chillun arfterward—Marse Eddard an' Miss Jean; dey is livin' at de ole place now.

"Six year arfter de jewl he wife, our mistis, die, an' den he shet his self up in he room mos' all de time, an' look like he done loss he larst frien'. He nuver went courtin' fur anoder wife; an' he wur dat gloomy de chillun didn' much like ter go whar he wur. Dey aunt kum an' tuk kyar uv 'em; an' dey got a governoress ter kum an' teach 'em tell dey wuz ole 'nuff ter go off ter kollidge. Miss Jean wur sont ter Mr. Fare's school fur young ladies in Richmund; an' when she kum home she could sing like a angel. When marster wuz a-list'nin' ter her singin' he 'peared ter fergit his self, an' look almos' like he use ter in de ole days afo' de jewl.

"Miss Jean had lots o' bo's fum all de country roun', but she telled 'em all she wur nuver gwine ter leave her par fur none on 'em. She say if her par fin' any pledjer in her kumpny, she wur gwine stay wid him jes as long as he live; an' so she did, mistis; an' if dere's a angel on yearth it am Miss Jean. An' when she call us up Sunday evenin's an' sing himes ter us, we darkies jes shet our eyes an' 'magin' we heer de cherrybums an' de serryphums. Lor', mistis, yer jes orter hear her.

"But what kum o' Marse Walter an' Marse Eddard, yer say, mistis? Well, I's a-gwine ter tell yer. Marse Walter went off ter de 'Versity of Ferginny an' stay fo' year. When he kum back he fotch sum papers he call 'plomers, dat he show Marse Jeemes an' Miss Jean. Dey all seem mons'rous proud on 'em, 'cause dey hed ribbins on 'em, I reckin. Well, he fix up a office an' 'menced ter practis' law. Marse Eddard wur six year younger dan Marse Walter, an' say when he dun growed up he spec ter be a doctor, which he wur not, 'cause de war kum an' broke up he plans.

"Marse Walter soon wur a mighty pop'lar gen'l'man wid all de ladies, an' we wuz spectin' all de time ter heer he wur gwine ter bring a young bride home ter de ole place. Soon arter Marse Walter turn out dar wur give a big turneymen ball [tournament] at de Cote House, an' eenymos' ev'ry young gen'l'man an' lady in de county wur dar. Ob co'se Marse Walter an' Miss Jean wur dar too. I peep in de winders wid de oder drivers, whar de dancin' wuz gwine on, but didn' none on 'em kum nigh Miss Jean in looks, 'cep'n' one lady, an' she wur de mos' beau'fulest young creetur dis nigger uver sot he eyes on. All de young men wuz a-makin' up ter her, but I soon seed Marse Walter wur a-cuttin' 'em all out, fur he dance wid her more'n any de res', an' kyar her a-hangin' on he arm roun' de ballroom when de dancin' stop.

"Ev'rybody wuz boun' fur ter stop an' look at 'em, fur dey seem borned fur one anoder. When de ball wuz ober, Marse Walter kum out wid her ter 'duct her ter de kyarridge, an' I heer him ax her ef he mought kum ter see her at her home. She 'sented, uv co'se, an' smile on him when she give him her han' at partin', an' he stoop down an' kiss it jes as ef it wuz *gol'*.

"When I got home I larfed an' a-telled my wife we wud soon hev a purty young mistis, I 'spec.

"Marse Jeemes wuz dat solum he chillun nuver tell him 'bout dey sweet'arts an' sech; so it wur a long time afo' he knowed he son wur a-courtin'. After some time Marse Walter kum one day an' tell he pa dat he love a young lady, an' dey wuz 'gaged ter be married. Ole marster look mighty pleased, an' ax him de name o' de young lady. Marse Walter telled him she was named Miss Maud Hallet, an' she wuz de 'dopted daughter o' Mr. John Hallet, whar live down de country, nigh Fox Level.

"When he say dat, Marse Jeemes turn white as de wall. Den he sink down in de cheer an' cover he face in he han's an' groan 'loud. She wuz de daughter ob Marse Henry, an' Marse Jeemes hed dun kill her pa in de jewl, an' he hed kep' he eye on her uver sence he kill her pa, an' hed try ter be a par ter her his self, much ez he could. Mr. John Hallet wur po', an' Marse Jeemes dun pay all her schoolin', an' give her ev'ything she want, sence she wuz a leetle gal two year ole, an' he hed dun make Mr. Hallet promus nuver ter tell her 'bout her pa, so Miss Maud knowed her pa wur killed, but didn' know 'twuz in a jewl, an' didn' know who kill him. All dat Marse Jeemes dun fur her wuz unbeknownst ter her.

"When Marse Walter foun' out dat *he* pa done kill *her* pa, he wur like sump'n 'stracted. He got on he hoss an' rid straight ter Mr. Hallet' house an' ax fur Miss Maud. When she kum in de parler a-smilin' an' so glad ter see him, he jes fell on he knees an' telled her all. Dar nuver wuz sech a time, dey say. She wur jes struck wid horrer, an' sed she *mus'* give him up, but she *couldn'*. He 'seeched an' 'seeched her not ter 'scard him, an' she cry an' cry. One minnit she say she mus', an' de nex' minnit she say she couldn'. When at larst he left her, she went ter her room an' lock de do', an' wouldn' open it fur ennybody. When at larst dey break de do' open, she war a-lyin' on de flo' more like de dead dan de livin'. She went off inter de brain-fever, an' it wur weeks afo' Marse Walter seed her agin. Den she sent fur him, an' telled him he mus' nuver think of her enny mo', an' give him back de 'gagement ring. 'Twur no use fur him ter 'seech enny mo'. She say she dun made up her min' ter de right thing, an' she wur goin' to be like de rock o' Gimbralter. She telled him 'twould be no use ter try to see her enny mo', but he mus' go 'way an' fergit her, an' she would try ter do de same; dat she wur nuver gwine ter marry nobody, 'cause she nuver could love nobody else. Marse Walter kum 'way powerful sorrerful, an' he wait a week. Den he went back ter see ef she dun change her min', but she 'fuse ter see him, an' den he knowed 'twuz all over atween 'em. He went 'way cross de sea, an' stay 'way sev'ral year, trav'lin' all de time, an' tryin' ter fergit her. Den de trouble 'bout de war kum on, an' arfter Ferginny 'cede he kum home, an' raise a kump'ny, an' went in de army as cap'n.

"At de close o' de fus year Marse Jeemes wur tooken very ill, an' Miss Jean writ Marse Walter ter kum home at wunst. He got a furbelow an' kum. Ole marster wur eenymos' at de p'int o' def, but he eye sparkle when he see he son in de kurnel uniform. Marse Walter suttinly did look gran' wid all dat gol' tape on he cloze an' de star an' fedder. 'Ef Miss Maud will jes see him, I know she carn't help 'lentin',' I sez ter my wife. Afo' Marse Jeemes wur too ill ter talk, he sont fur Marse Walter ter kum ter him; an' den he say dat while he wur a-sleepin' Marse Henry 'peared ter him in a dream an' smile an' held out he han' ter him in fergiveness, an' telled him ter write ter Miss Maud an' tell her so, an' ter say ter her dat ef Marse Walter hed been borned arfter he wur killed, den it wud be wrong fur her ter marry him; but ez Marse Walter wur six year ole, it made things diffunt, an' 'twouldn' be wrong fur her ter marry Marse Walter, seein' ez how Marse Jeemes hed watched over her all dese years, an' hed tried ter take a fader's place ter her.

"Marse Jeemes ax her in de letter whar he hed writ ter kum ter him on he def-bed ef she fergive him herself, an' tell him so afo' he die, an' let him see ef she wur like he ole frien'. Well, arfter she got de letter she sont fur de preacher an' arsk him ef he think 'twould be right fur her ter go, an' de preacher say yas; so she 'sented ter kum. Marse Walter went in de kyarridge arfter her, an' I driv. When Marse Walter sot eyes on her it 'peared like all de sorrer an' de partin' vanish away like clouds fum de sky, an' de sun seem ter shine out wunst mo' in de summer-time. He 'vance ter meet her, all de sunshine a-restin' on he face; but she drawed back, an' only bow ter him, an' say she still wan' him ter look on her ez a stranger. Den de sunshine die 'way, an' de cloud kum back an' settle down fur a rainy day.

"When he hed holped her in de kyarridge he wur gwine ter mount de box wid me, but she 'vited him ter kum in, an' sed ef dey met enny persons on de way dey moughtn't understan' ter see him out dar, an' dat ef he'd kum inside dey would talk 'bout de war. So he step in, an' I crack de whip, an' 'way we went, fur it wur a good fifteen mile, an' ez it wur now nigh on ter three o'clock, it would take tell dark ter git home, speshally ez de roads wuz in a drefful fix, an' de hill down ter Beechwood Creek wur 'nuff ter skeer a major-gin'ral. When I got dar I didn' say nuthin', fur I knowed de harness wur new an' strong, an' ef dat didn' break I could hol' back Morgin an' Schewart, do' dey wuz young an' fiery den, an' hadn' bin pullin' de kyarridge but six munts. Miss Jean hed jes change dey names fum Dick an' Jim ter Morgan an' Schewart, an' de hosses seem ter know it, fur dey done step higher uver sence. Dey wuz pow'rful sperrited, an' wud run ef yer tech 'em wid de whip, but dey min' me good, an' when I say, 'Slow down, Morgan,' or 'Easy, now, Schewart,' dey did ez I telled 'em. Ob co'se ef de harness break, an' dey couldn' hol' back, dey wuzn't ter blame.

"It wuz nigh on ter sunset when we got ter de Beechwood hill. It wur a ugly hill at de bes', an' now it wur all cut up, an' de gullies on bofe sides wuz orful ter look at. It wur dat steep dat ef de harness break 'twur no use tryin' ter stop tell de kyarridge got ter de bottom, an' at de bottom wur de creek, an' de creek wur deep by de bridge. A wagin an' team hed done run in it wunst, an' driver an' hosses an' wagin all got drownded—leastwise de driver an' de team. We start down de hill, an' Morgan an' Schewart wur 'havin' beautiful. Dey done ev'ything I tell 'em, an' put dey foots jes in de right place. But ez we got 'bout harf-way down, an' I wuz a-thinkin' we wud soon be on de bridge, de right trace give way. My heart eenymos' stop beatin'. De hosses try o' demselves ter hol' back, but dey couldn' do it; de kyarridge wur heavy, an' de hill wur steep. Ef I try ter jump off an' hol' 'em, dey wud hev nobody ter guide 'em, an' de kyarridge mought run in de gully, an' all on us mought be kilt instant; so I made up my min' ter set still an' try ter guide de hosses fur de bridge.

"When de kyarridge 'menced ter go down de hill so suddint Marse Walter look out de winder, an' he knowed widout sayin' a word what wur de matter, an' all de danger; but he nuver let on ter Miss Maud. She look at him a leetle skeert, but when she see him so unconsarned she wur 'shame' ter 'pear like she wur afeerd.

"Well, as de good Lord wud hev it, de kyarridge did struck de bridge at de right place, an' it went boundin' along, an' driv de hosses on afo' it, till at larst dey didn' understan', an' dey got skeert deyselves, an' put out jes as hard as dey cud run. As dey tu'n off'n de bridge dey made a leap furrard, an' I was whirl' fum de box, but I nuver let go de reins. Dey nuver stop, an' I wuz drug 'long at a fearsome rate, an' I cud feel de life wuz bein' drug outen my body; but I wur in fur it, an' I didn' kyar what kum o' me jes so I cud save Marse Walter an' Miss Maud. I felt, do', dat I cudn' hol' on much longer, fur my strenk wur a-failin' me. All on a suddint a idee striked me like a flash o' lightenin', an' sump'n telled me ter let go one rein an' hol' on ter de oder. Well—wud yer b'lieve it?—de hosses swing round like de kyars on de tu'n-table, an' den stood stock-still, a-pantin' an' a-quiverin' all ober. Den Marse Walter open de do' an' jump out, but I didn' 'member nuthin' mo', 'cep'n' ter see him an' Miss Maud bendin' ober me as my eyes wuz a-closin'.

"Bime-by I kum to, an' sot up, but I cudn' skersely git my bref, 'cause de wheels done run ober me an' broke my ribs, an' my nose an' mouf wuz all stopt up wid dust an' grav'l tell I cudn' breave; an' de skin wur rub off'n my han's an' face, an' de clo's eenymos' to'n fum my body. Gawd knows I don' know what kep' me alive.

"'Fletcher, po' feller,' sez Marse Walter, jes as soon as I sot up, an' takin' my han', tender like, 'how does yer feel?'

"'I done feel better afo' in my life, sho 'nuff,' sez I, as well as I cud talk.

"'Yer is a brave feller,' sez he, 'an' yer done save me an' Miss Maud fum a drefful def.'

"'Thank Gawd fur dat, Marse Walter,' sez I, an' wid dat Miss Maud she jes break out a-cryin', an' she kneel down an' tookt her fine white hanksher an' wipe de blood an' dirt off'n my face. Marse Walter say, 'Fletcher, yer dun twice earn yer freedom. Yer jes say so, an' ter-morrer yer shall be free as I am. Father will give yer de cabin dat yer live in, an' I will give yer de bes' mule an' cart on de plantation.'

"'I's free 'nuff, Marse Walter,' sez I. 'I cudn' be no better off den I is now wid *fifty freedoms.*' An', sho 'nuff, I nuver has been.

"Well, he an' Miss Maud make me git inside de kyarridge, spite ob all I cud say 'gin it. 'But de blood will stain de nice cushi'ns,' sez I.

"But dey wudn' lis'en ter no reasinin'; dey made me git in, an' Marse Walter mount de box an' driv de res' o' de way home. I waz ill arfter dat fur a long time, but 'Lizy Jane, my wife, telled me 'bout ole marster an' Miss Maud. She say Miss Maud went in ter see him, an' he tell her all 'bout de jewl, an' why he wur 'blige ter shoot Marse Henry. Den he say he wud like ter hev her fergiveness afo' he die. She tell him she did fergive him, an' hope Gawd wud fergive him too. Arfter dat he seem easier in he min'. Dat night he slep' soun' tell nigh on ter daybreak. Den he wake up suddint, an' look roun' de room an' say, 'Ah! Henry, my ole frien', are yer dar? I is a-comin',' an' wid dat he wur dead.

"De fun'rel kum off an' de will wur read; den Marse Walter 'scorted Miss Maud back ter her home. He didn' go inter de house, but he telled her far'well at de gate; an' I heer he tell her he gwine wait one year fur her ter change her min', an' den ef she didn' 'cep' him he wur nuver gwine see her no mo's long as he an' she live.

"Den he went back ter de army, an' Miss Jean she went 'long wid him fur as Richmund, whar she wur gwine ter stay till de war wuz ober. De house look gloomy arfter dat, fur dar wur nobody lef' but de oberseer. De war went on, an' now an' den de oberseer wud tell us he done git a letter fum Marse Walter, or dat he see Marse Walter' name spoke high uv in de papers; an' Miss Jean she writ ter us sumtimes ter know how wuz all gittin' 'long on de plantation. She allers sent me speshally some kind word, an' wan' ter know ef I need anything. Things went on dis way tell nigh three year arfter ole marster's def, an' den word kum ter us fum Miss Jean ez how Marse Walter wur wounded in de big battle b'low Richmund, an' wur a-lyin' at de p'int o' def in de horsespittle at Chimblyrazer—shot through an' through de body so's yer might draw a silk hanksher through he body fum back ter frunt, an' she ax us all ter pray fur him, which we did constant.

"We heerd arfterward dat he had Miss Maud writ ter, an' arsk her, ef she uver love him, ter kum an' let him see her face wunst mo' afo' he die. She went as he 'quested, an' sho' 'nuff she foun' him on de *aidge* o' de grave, an' she wur dat struck at de change in him dat she cudn' stan' it, but broke down 'pletely. She fell down on her knees by de bedside, an' took he han' an' whisper ter him dat she nuver hed ceasted ter love him, an' dat ef he wud git well she wud marry him whenuver he might 'p'int de day.

"Well, arfter dat, dey say, dar nuver was nuthin' seed like de way Marse Walter did make 'aste ter git well. He fa'rly galloped. Jes as soon as he wuz able ter git up an' put on he uniform, an' walk roun' de horsespittle a little, he claim her promus. She an' Miss Jean hed done kum already ter be like sisters, an' so Miss Jean jine her 'treaties ter Marse Walter's. At larst she 'sented, an' de marridge wuz jes ready ter kum off, when Richmund wur 'vacuated an' burnt, an' Marse Walter jined he regimen' an' went wid Gin'ral Lee, an' ev'ything wuz in drefful 'fusion. De nex' thing we heer wuz dat Gin'ral Lee done surrender under de apple-tree at Applemattocks, an' de Southern 'Federacy wuz at a eend, an' all de niggers wuz a-'joicin' ober dey freedom.

"One fine day in Aprul, as de oberseer wur a-bargainin' wid us fur ter wuck de plantation, a hack driv up, an' out'n it stept Marse Walter, an' den Miss Jean, an' den a lady dat he interjuiced ter us as he wife. It wuz Miss Maud. Den all we niggers shuck han's wid her an' Marse Walter, an' wish 'em all de hap'ness an' luck in de worl'. Fo' de Lord, I wuz gladder fur 'em ter kum back ter de ole place dan ter git my freedom. We all went ter wuck, an' we hed de bes' craps on de plantation dat year dat we mos' uver hed. In de wheat harves' de whiskey run like water, an' my mouf runs water now while I thinks uv it.

"De nex' harves' dar wuz a teeny little mistis in de house a-addin' ter de music, but po' Marse Walter, he health wuz a-'ginnin' ter fail. De ball what shoot him in de battle wuz doin' its wuck, an' de doctors done say he wur gwine ter die afo' long o' 'sumption. He try mighty hard fur Miss Maud' sake ter keep up a cheerful count'nance, but we darkies all seed 'twudn' be long afo' de eend. An' young mistis—po' young creetur—she seed it too, an' de smile faded fum her face as hisn growed thinner an' whiter. Jes two year arfter dey wuz married, when little Miss Floy wuz 'ginnin' ter toddle 'bout de flo' an' walk fum her ma ter her pa, he tuk ter he bed, and nuver got up enny mo'.

"One lovely evenin' in May, when de whipperwills wuz jes 'ginnin' ter be heerd an' de frogs wur a-singin' in de medder, he spired in de arms ob he weepin' wife. Jes afo' he die he telled her dey wudn' be parted fur long; an' sho nuff, dey wurn't, fur she didn' live two year arfter he die. Dey is done parse ober de riber Jordan inter de happy lan' o' Canaan, whar de wicked cease fum trubblin' an' de weary is at res'. Ef dey ain't in heaven, nobody need uver hope ter git dar."

"And his little daughter, where is she?"

"She am livin' at de ole place wid Marse Eddard an' Miss Jean. She an' Marse Eddard' daughter, Miss Rosa, is de young ladies yer be kum ter teach."

We had entered a splendid avenue leading up to a fine grove embowering an attractive country residence of the old Virginia style of architecture. Upon the porch were two girls apparently looking for me. Fletcher informed me they were my future pupils.

A SERENADE.

SHE sleeps! my lady sleeps!
Let me steal softly through the dusky bowers,
And while the fragrance of the climbing flowers
In at her casement slowly, gently creeps,
Let me below her happy window stand,
And touch my lute with not too light a hand,
Because, you see, she sleeps!
I do not wish that she should sleep.
I wish that through the window she should creep,
And from the balcony lean down to me.
Then strive, my lute, with eager haste to see
Which shall outstrip—the climbing flower cup
Seeking her window, or thy dulcet strain
Seeking the same sweet goal, and gently fain
To wake her up!

And yet—and yet—remember this, my lute:
Though I would have you wake my lady fair,
And bring her to the balcony up there,
To shine for me the evening's brightest star,
Remember this: I have no wish to wake
My lady's pa!
I prithee, dearest lute, make no mistake:
Wake *her*, but let not thy soft striving break
His slumber. I would have no luckless boot,
Thrown from another window, rudely mar
Thy music. It is much to ask, I know;
Yet strive, dear lute—I do entreat thee so—
To be for him a lullaby, for her
Reveillé, and for me a messenger.
"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"
'Tis not the east! 'tis Juliet! I have won!
But, dearest lute, thy task is not yet done:
Still must thy sweet persuasion, for our sakes,
Its gentle effort kindly make, to keep
Her pa asleep!

A. W. R.

THE MARKET STREET BRIDGE.

THE new bridge which has been for a long time under construction across the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia is now on the point of being opened to the public. Its formal completion may be expected about Christmas; but the principal part of the work remaining is concerned only with the approaches, and at the time this notice is written the engineers are laying the conduits for the traction cars, which are likely to be running within a week. A sketch of the structure as a whole is therefore given in the present issue of the WEEKLY, and will convey to the eye an adequate idea of the general character of the bridge and its form of construction.

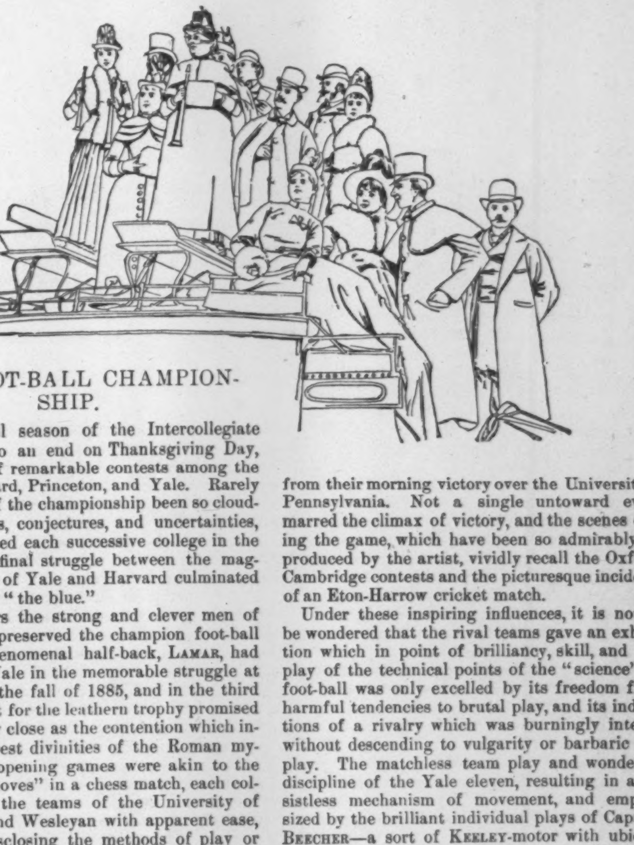
The new bridge crosses the Schuylkill at one of the oldest and best-known thoroughfares of Philadelphia. Market Street, which is a hundred feet wide, is wholly devoted to business in that portion of it, extending about two miles, which lies between the two rivers, as is also largely the case with the portion beyond the Schuylkill, in West Philadelphia. The original bridge was the oldest of a series of something like twelve, spanning the stream at convenient intervals, at Penrose Ferry, Gray's Ferry, South Street, Callowhill Street, Girard Avenue, and so on. Market Street long ago derived additional importance as the railroad street of the city, since its tracks connected the freight stations there with the railroad lines beyond the Schuylkill. The eastern part of the street has for many years also been a wholesale dry-goods centre. At the intersection of Market and Broad streets is the elaborate and costly Public Building, and after crossing the bridge the great railroad stations occupy several blocks.

The old wooden Market Street bridge was burned about a dozen years ago, and succeeded by one which was built by contract in only twenty days, although it measured 553 feet over the river-way. It was a wooden superstructure of noticeable strength, but only intended to serve a temporary purpose, while the present bridge may last for centuries, and in addition has ornamental features which its rapidly built predecessor did not attempt.

THE GARDINER'S BAY PRACTICE.

THE vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, Rear-Admiral S. B. LUCE commanding, completed the prolonged exercises and manœuvres of the year during the last days of November, by practice with the great guns in Gardiner's Bay, at the eastern end of Long Island. In the contest held last September, the pennant for battery practice, the prize most coveted, had been carried off by the *Atlanta* from the *Galena*, its previous possessor; but this time the *Galena* redeemed herself, and again captured the emblem, the *Atlanta* making four wild shots which brought her average low.

As in former years, so in the present, the target practice has shown the general superiority of the new steel high-powered breech-loading rifles, fully described and illustrated in the chapters on "United States Naval Artillery" in *Modern Ships of War* (HARPER & BROTHERS). The old pattern guns in the late contest profited, it is said, by a handicap of distance in order to enter the competition on a fairer footing. The practice in Gardiner's Bay was of two sorts, as customary—one the "individual," with the vessel at anchor, for a medal awarded to the gun captain making the top score; the other, the battery practice, firing at will, in which the vessels are moving, and the double elements of quickness and accuracy are taken into the calculation of the results achieved. The prize for this is a triangular white flag with a red circle, which the winner is entitled to carry at the foremast-head. Taking all things into consideration, the late practice in Gardiner's Bay was the best of the year, and the order issued by Rear-Admiral LUCE showed that the *Galena* had won the pennant by a large margin, with the *Richmond*, *Ossipee*, and *Atlanta* following in the order named, both as to merit with and without time allowance. The *Galena* fired 13 shots and the *Ossipee* 21 shots in 9 minutes each; the *Atlanta* 21 in 9¾ minutes. Our sketches illustrate both the individual practice and the firing at will. The distance-finding was made difficult for all by "the want of a sea horizon" at times.



THE FOOT-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE foot-ball season of the Intercollegiate League came to an end on Thanksgiving Day, after a series of remarkable contests among the teams of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. Rarely has the issue of the championship been so clouded with doubts, conjectures, and uncertainties, which had placed each successive college in the lead, until the final struggle between the magnificent elevens of Yale and Harvard culminated in a victory for "the blue."

For two years the strong and clever men of Princeton had preserved the champion foot-ball which their phenomenal half-back, LAMAR, had wrested from Yale in the memorable struggle at New Haven in the fall of 1885, and in the third year the contest for the leathern trophy promised to be as bitterly close as the contention which involved the fairest divinities of the Roman mythology. The opening games were akin to the preliminary "moves" in a chess match, each college defeating the teams of the University of Pennsylvania and Wesleyan with apparent ease, and without disclosing the methods of play or the vulnerable points of attack. November 12th will long be regarded as a crimson-letter day in the calendar of the Cambridge collegians, for it marked the second victory which Harvard had ever gained over Princeton since the founding of the League in 1876. The further defeat of Princeton by Yale on November 19th, at the Polo Grounds, utterly checked the aspirations of "the orange and black" of Nassau, and the Princetonians were forced to seek proleptic consolation in the season of 1888.

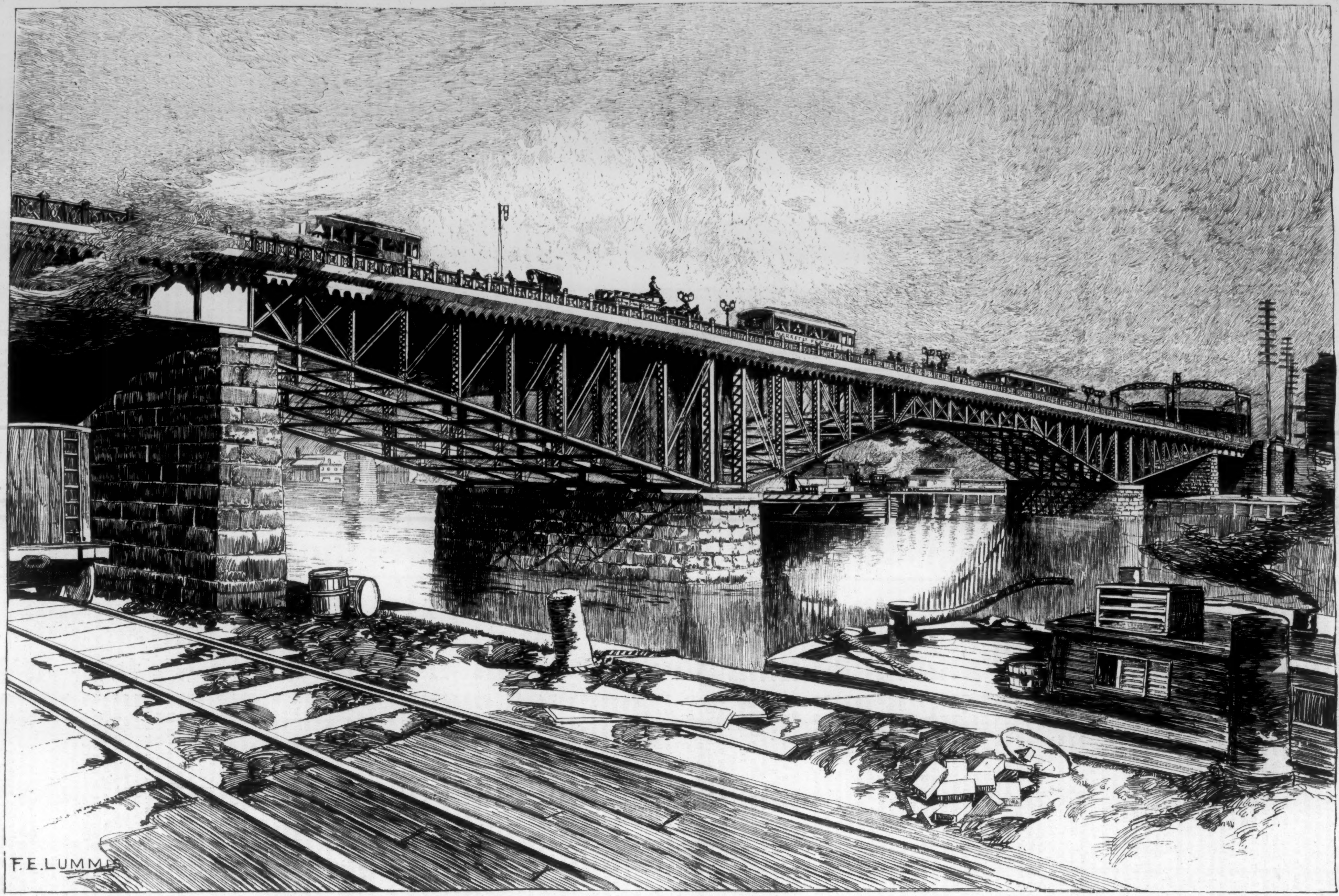
The fact that Harvard and Yale had each defeated the old enemy by the same score—12 to 0—gave an additional significance and interest, if any were needed, to the decisive struggle on Thanksgiving Day between these teams. The Polo Grounds have rarely, if ever, been the scene of such a glorious and well-fought contest. It was a veritable field-day for the college men and their friends—perfect in its atmospheric conditions, tempered by a clear, bracing air, which gave an added brilliancy to the masses of blue and crimson ribbons, the costumes bright and vivid as a WATTEAU coloring, and the gay panorama on coach, field, and grand stand. The enthusiasm and merriment of the 17,000 people within the enclosure could scarcely find expression in the good-natured shouts and encouraging calls of "the outsiders," and the peculiar cries of the college men—the barking "'rahs" of Harvard and Yale, the "rocket" cheer of Princeton, the orthographic exercise of Columbia's undergraduates, and the thanksgiving shouts of the men of Wesleyan, triumphant, but far from fresh, from their morning victory over the University of Pennsylvania. Not a single untoward event marred the climax of victory, and the scenes during the game, which have been so admirably reproduced by the artist, vividly recall the Oxford-Cambridge contests and the picturesque incidents of an Eton-Harrow cricket match.

Under these inspiring influences, it is not to be wondered that the rival teams gave an exhibition which in point of brilliancy, skill, and display of the technical points of the "science" of foot-ball was only excelled by its freedom from harmful tendencies to brutal play, and its indications of a rivalry which was burningly intense without descending to vulgarity or barbaric display. The matchless team play and wonderful discipline of the Yale eleven, resulting in a resistless mechanism of movement, and emphasized by the brilliant individual plays of Captain BEECHER—a sort of KEELEY-motor with ubiquitous attachment—and of "rushers" WALLACE and CORBIN, proved too powerful for the no less heroic play of Harvard, which redeemed its lack of an effective method of aggressive play by an exhibition of vigor, impetuosity, and onslaught which has made the Harvard team of this year the finest eleven which the college has ever sent out. The final score, 17 points to 8, gives but a faint idea of the closeness of the struggle.

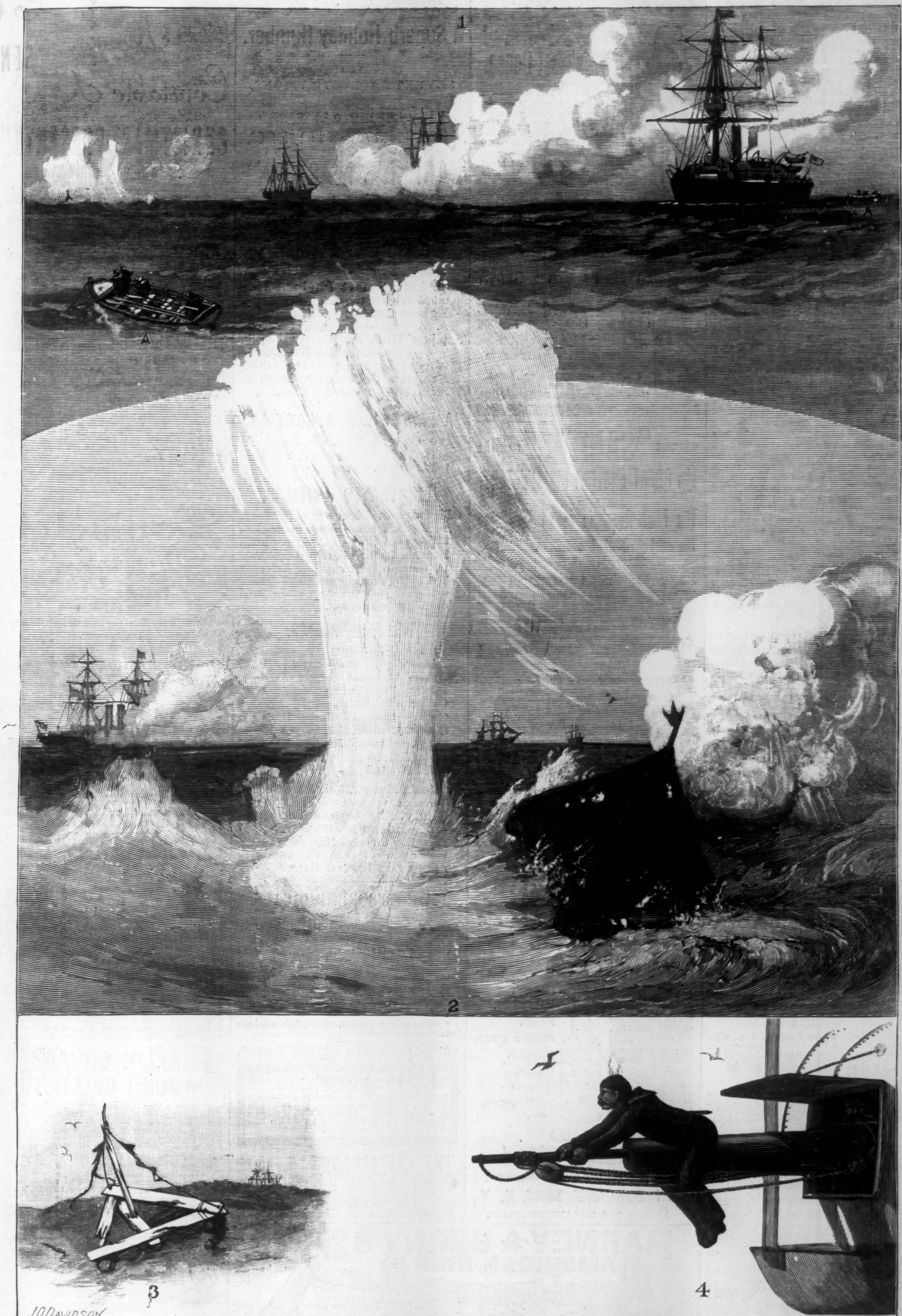
The salvation of the game of foot-ball, which, after it had fallen into disrepute in 1884 through the declaration of the Harvard faculty that it was "brutal and dangerous to life and limb," passed a quiet provincial existence under the fostering care of Princeton and Yale until the times should be ripe for its return to the old arena at the Polo Grounds, has been conscientiously wrought out by the leading teams in the struggle of the season just ended, and the newspaper press, the public, and the college faculties have again stamped the game with probationary approval. The crowning stroke in the diplomatic changes which led to this restoration was achieved in the appointment of the *umpire*, who in the exercise of his preventive and retributive functions has reduced the pernicious activity of "slugging" to a minimum, and has visited foul and unmanly play with the disgrace of dismissal from the field.

The future of foot-ball as a recognized game will never be in doubt if its best tendencies as a manly game for the development of manly qualities are carefully preserved and cherished by the only ones upon whom this responsibility rests—the college men.

FREDERICK EVANS, JUN.



THE NEW MARKET STREET BRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 903.]



TARGET PRACTICE AT GARDINER'S BAY BY THE MEN-OF-WAR OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 903.]

1. The Fleet entering Firing Arc. Individual Practice on *Atlanta*. A, A. Observation and Marking Boats. 2. Firing at Will from the *Atlanta*. Close Work at the Target. 3. The Target after Miller's Last Shot from the *Atlanta*. 4. Extracting unused Six-inch Shell from a Breech-loader.

PADDLING FOR SORA RAIL.

The demand for game that has not been killed by shooting is on the increase in this country, for the reason that there are many persons who will not eat birds that have been riddled with shot, for fear of biting or swallowing the tiny pellets. This leads to the netting and trapping of quail and snaring of grouse; and when killed in this way they bring better prices in our markets than those birds that have been killed in a legitimate manner. For this reason, and because hundreds of delicious birds can be secured without any expenditure, "paddling" for sora rail is carried on in the autumn season on the tide-water marshes of Virginia.

It is a pursuit almost entirely local in its character, and those who follow it are usually negroes. The little sora, like many varieties of water-birds, is a nocturnal bird. Its migrations are conducted at night, and it comes and goes in the most erratic and mysterious manner. A marsh that is alive with birds to-day will be without a feather on the morrow. This habit of the slow hovering rail, which seems to many people incapable of a protracted flight, has transformed it, by the superstitious, into a frog, simply because it was not seen to fly away in broad daylight. During the day the rail, when obliged to move, skulks about in the reeds, fearing perhaps, among other things, the attack of hawks. But when darkness sets in, the birds come out of their hiding-places and hover and run about to feed. Like all nocturnal migrants they are readily attracted by a light, and if conclusions are to be deduced from comparative figures of the number of rail to other varieties of birds killed by dashing themselves against the lanterns of light-houses in their line of migration, the sora is found to be very susceptible in this respect. Knowing this, the negroes at low tide wade out among the reeds after nightfall—the darker the night, the better for their work—and slaughter the soras in wholesale numbers. The pot-hunters usually go in pairs. One goes on before, carrying a torch of resinous pine, called "light-wood." The streaming flame attracts the birds, which, with a sort of fluttering motion, slowly hover up perpendicularly. For an instant or two they can be seen by the negro who follows behind, which enables him to knock the birds down with the "paddle" with which he is armed. This "paddle" is made of a bough, the forked ends of which form the outer frame for a plaited work of twigs, something after the fashion of a rude tennis-racket with a long handle. This is so constructed as not to bruise the birds by the blow, a very light one being sufficient to kill them. The birds are bagged as soon as possible by the lynx-eyed pot-hunters.

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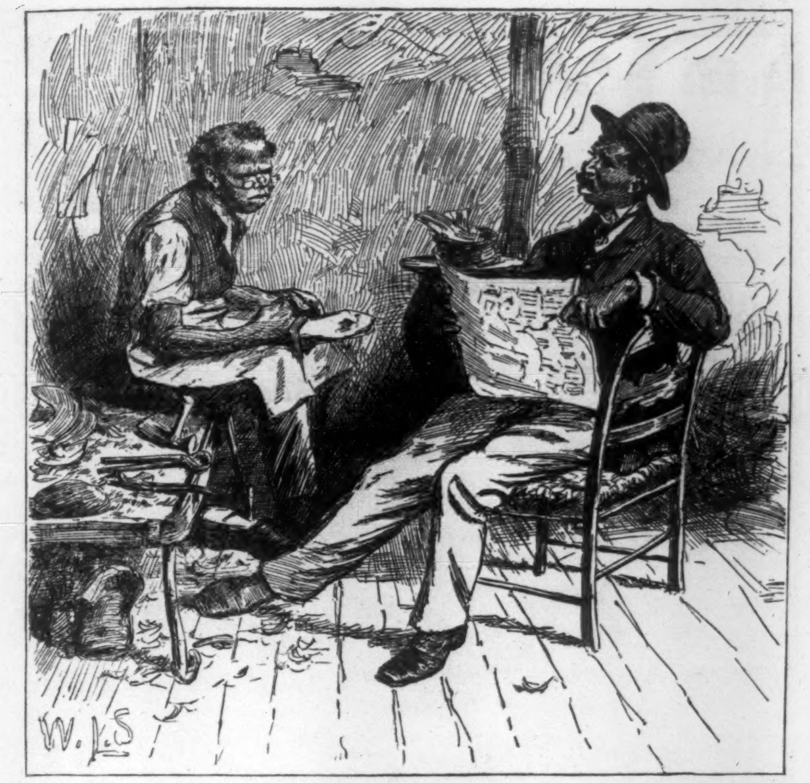

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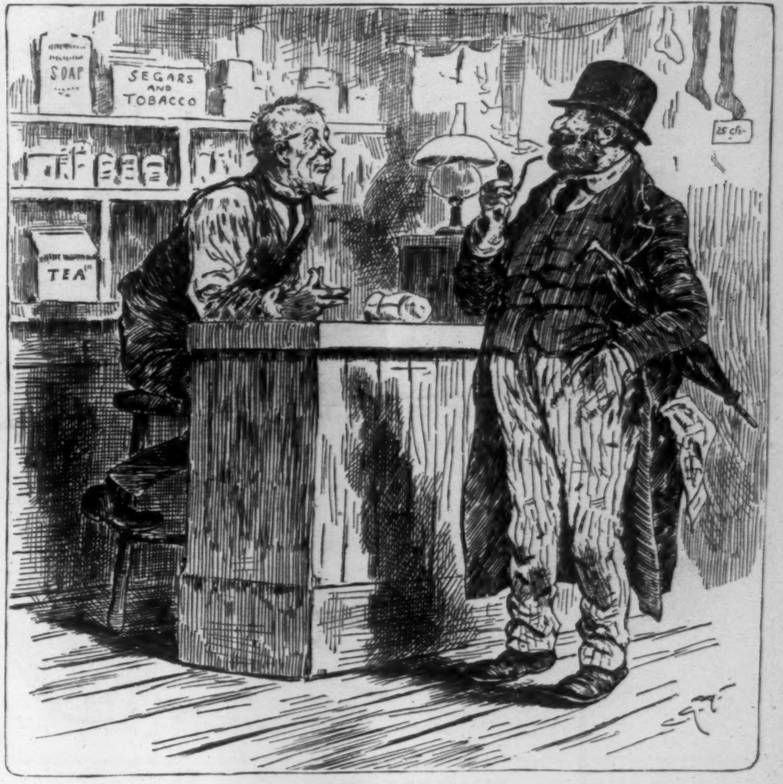

"SCARCELY!"

"I say, Sprigstein, I don't hear you howling round so much now about anarchy, socialism, division of property, and all them modern inventions. What's come over you?—didn't it pay?"

"Vell, you see, Shorty, the shircumstanshes vas schanged a leetle. My Onkle in Owstralia, he died lasht veek, unt I shust get vord as he leefe me tree tousan' tollar. You don' peleefe I divite it mit doese fellers—schkarsely!"

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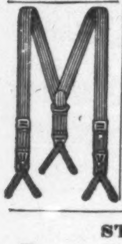

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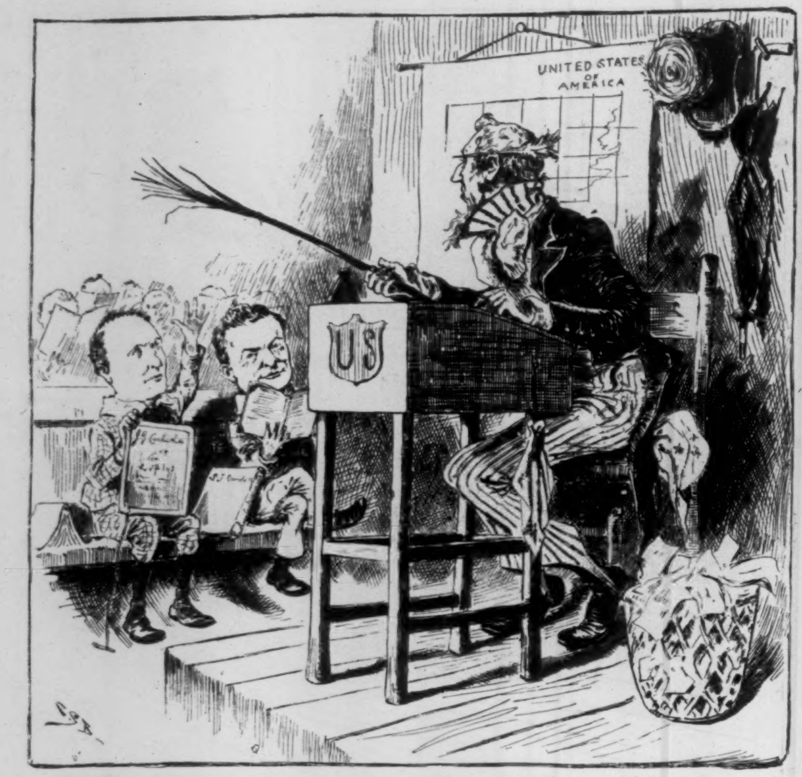

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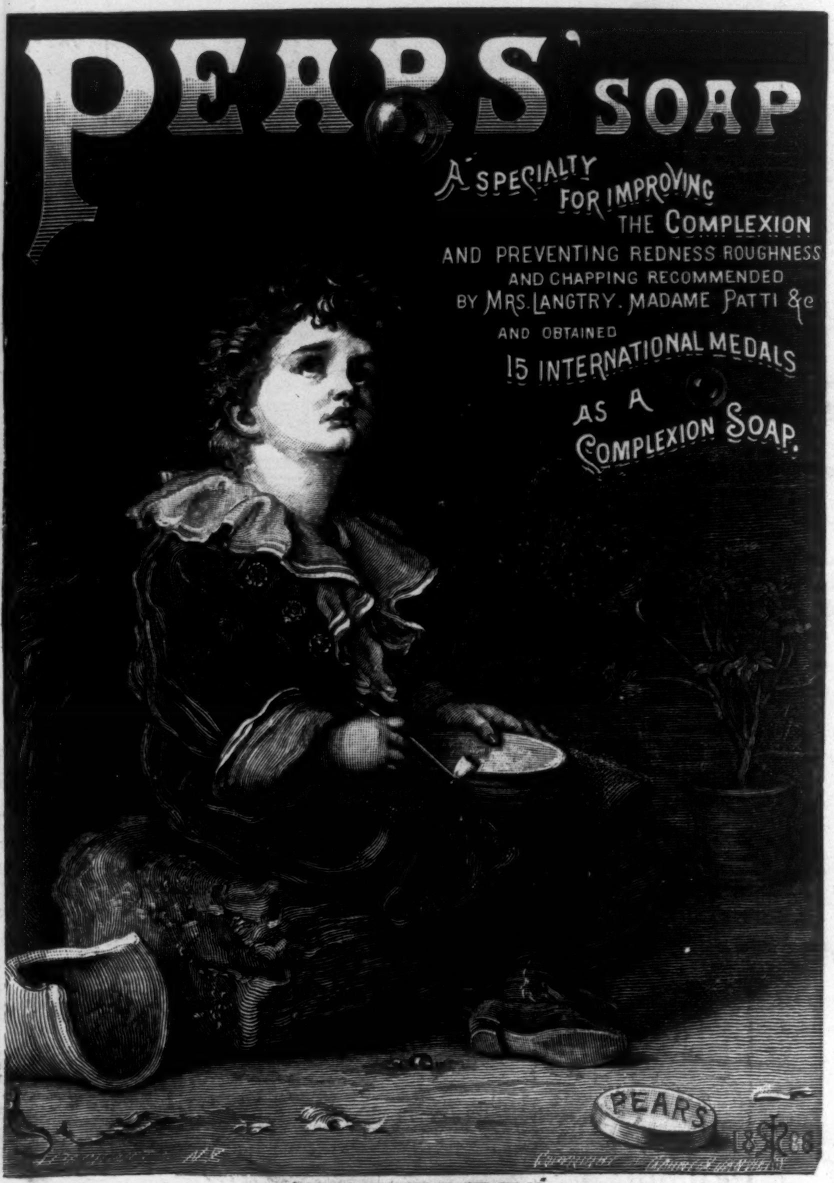
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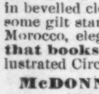

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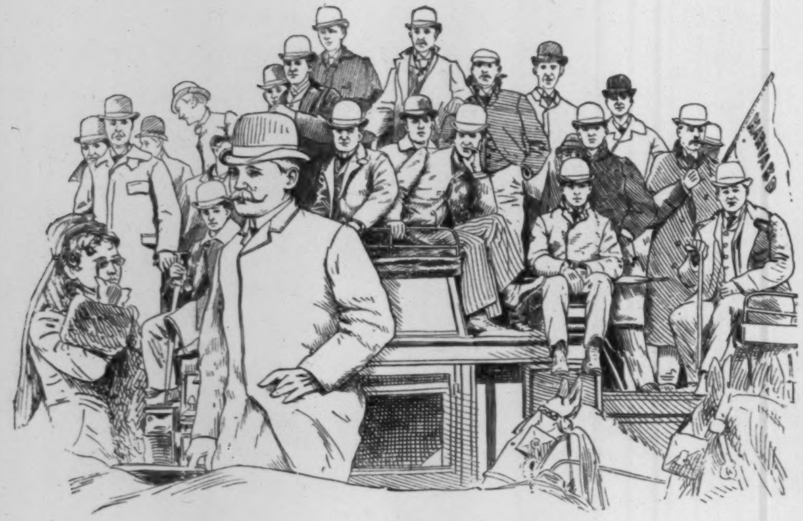

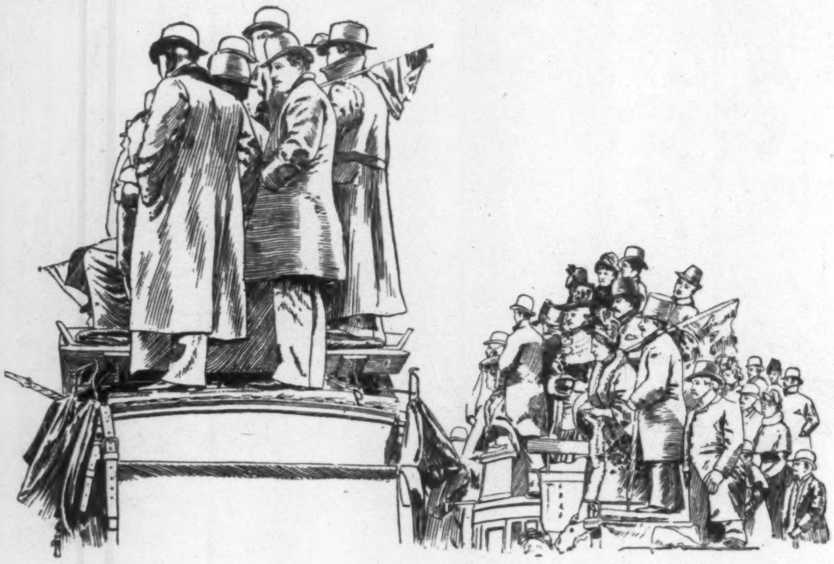

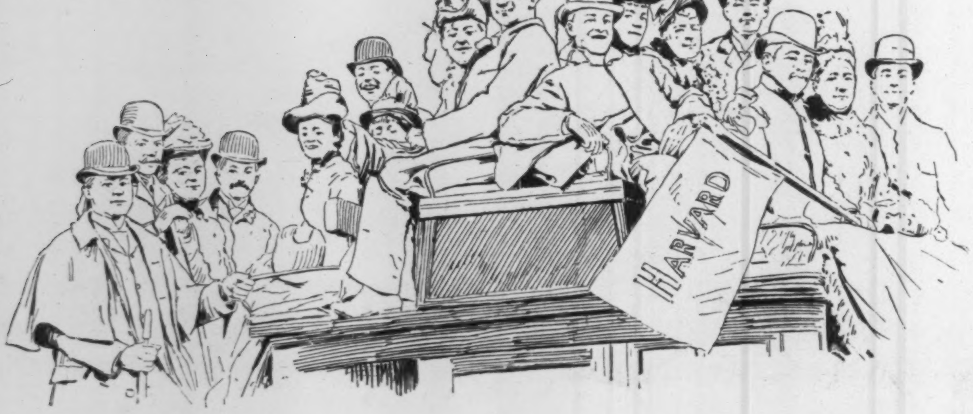

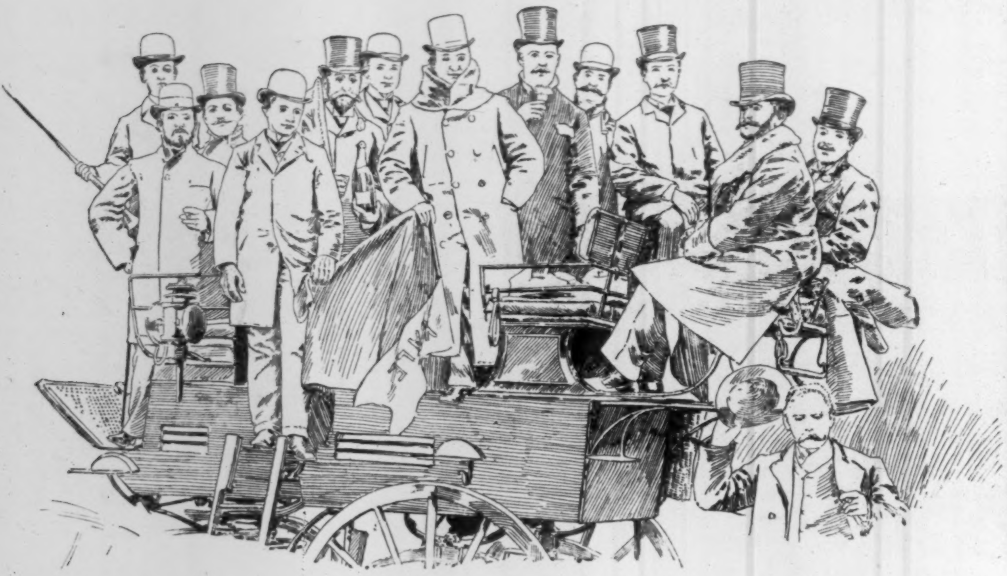

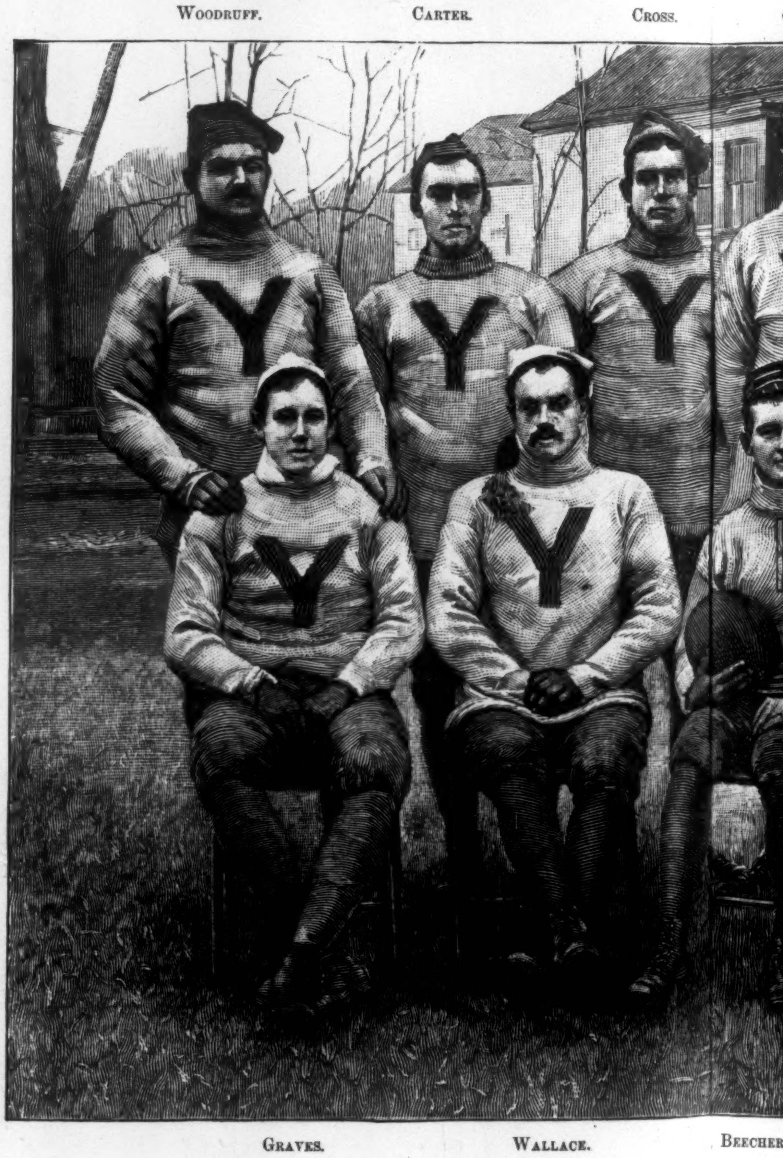
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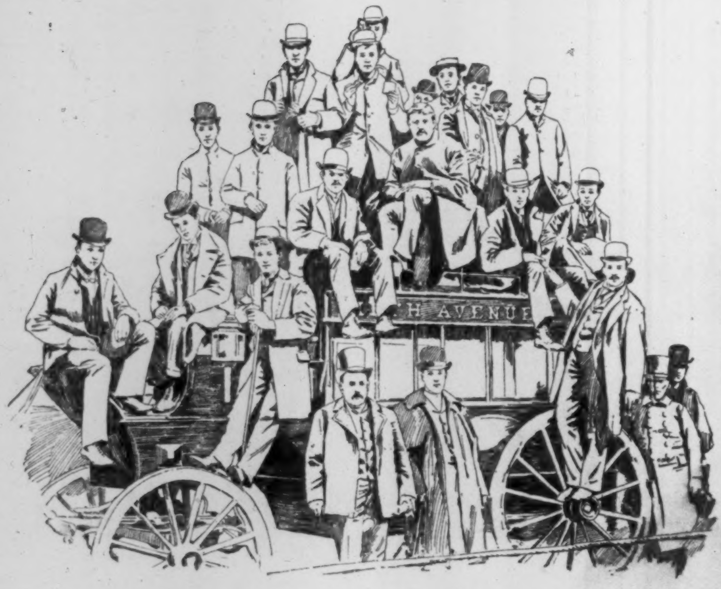

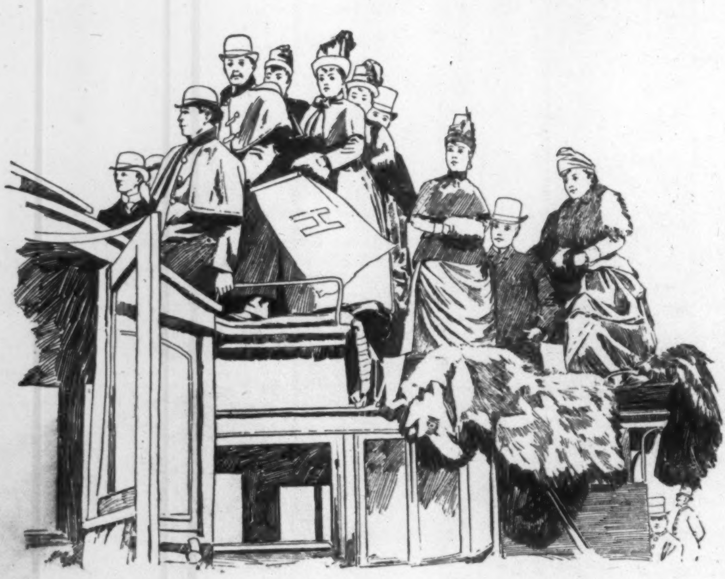

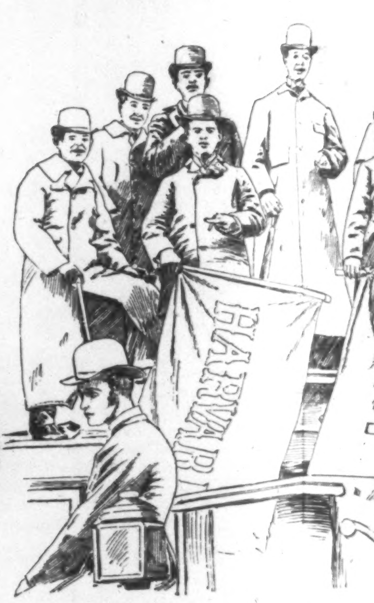

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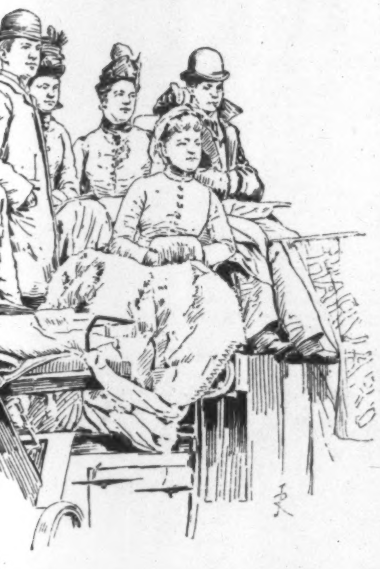

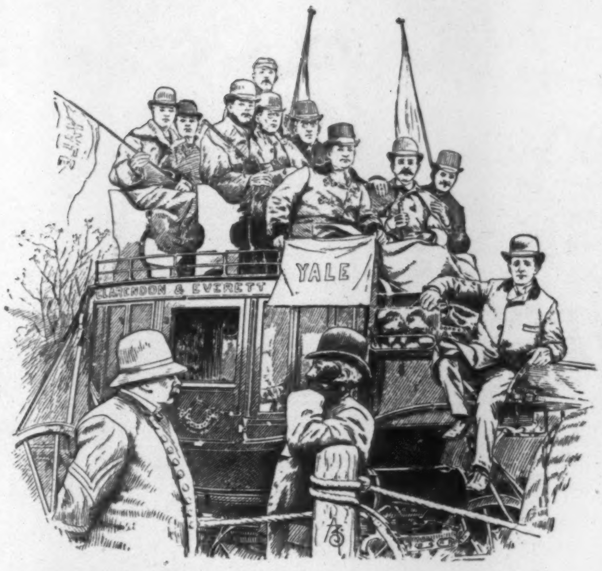

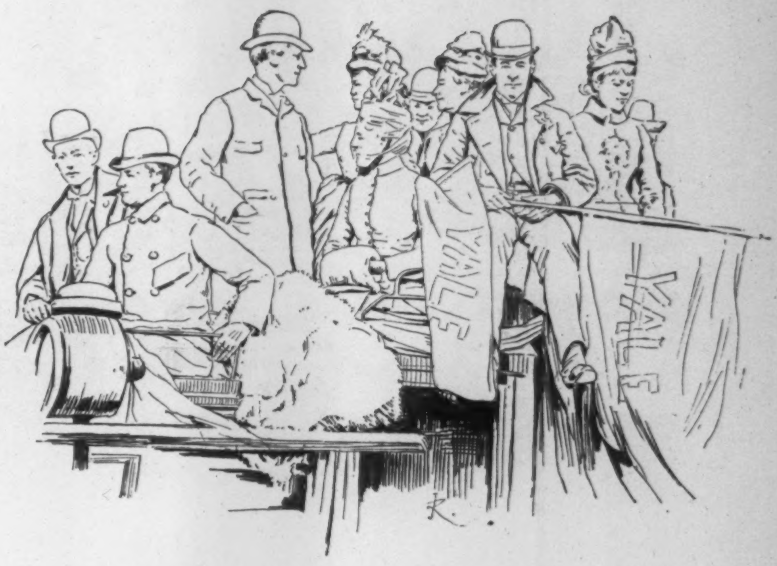

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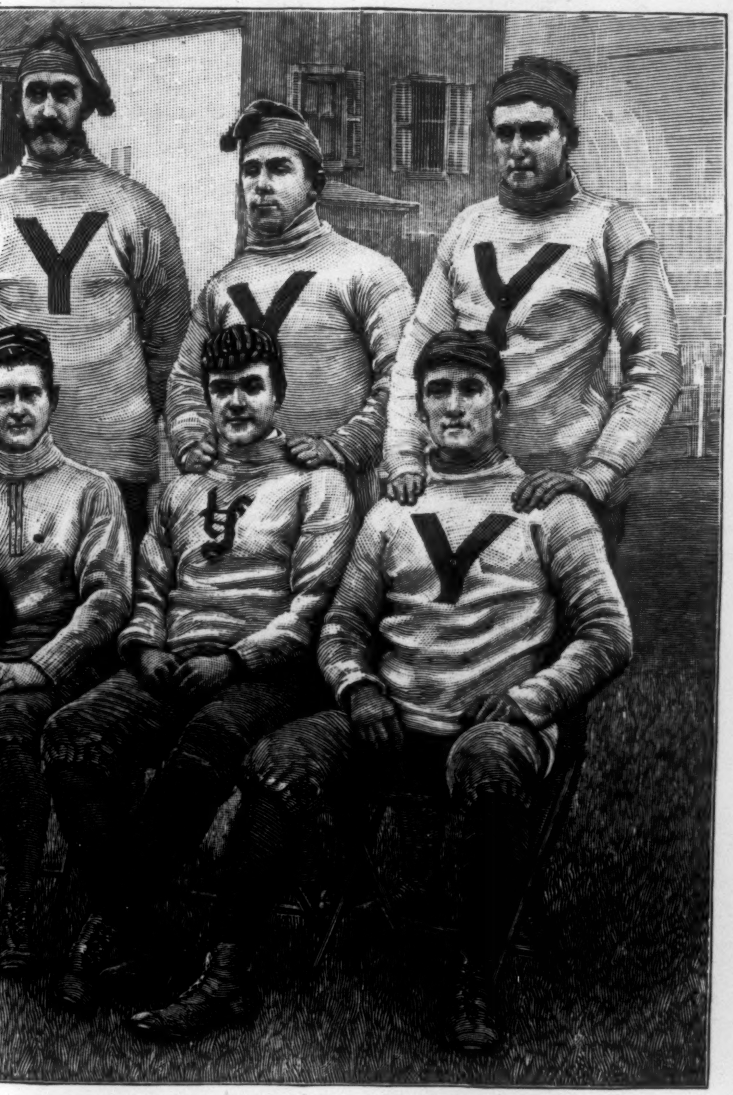

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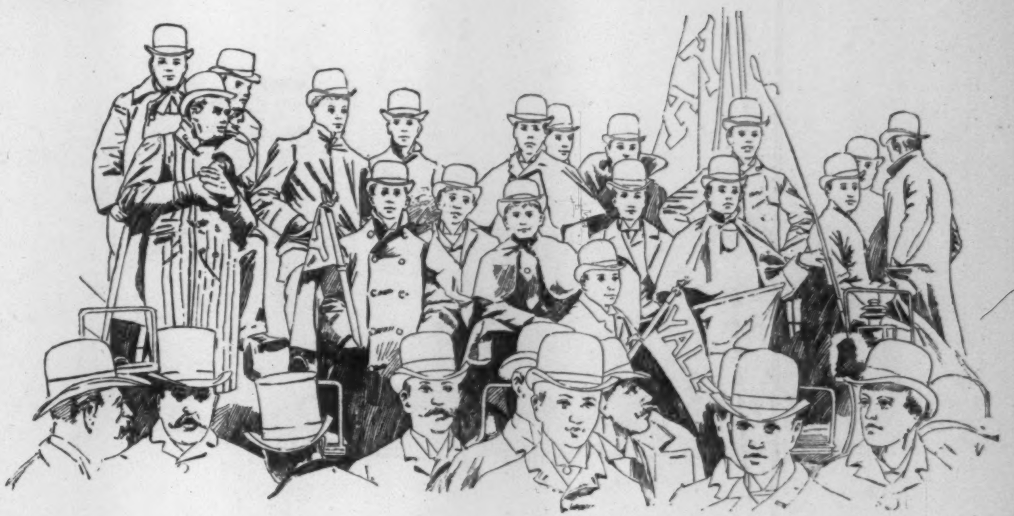
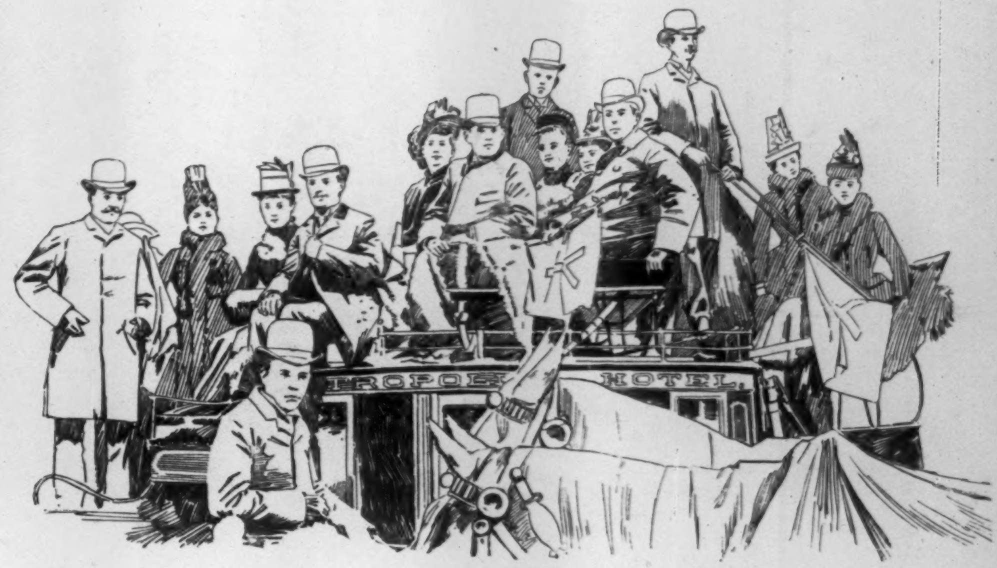
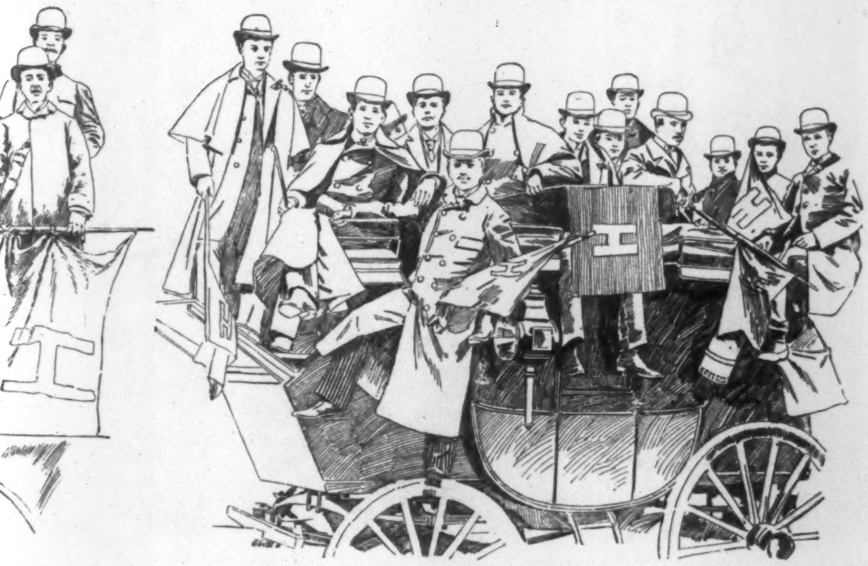
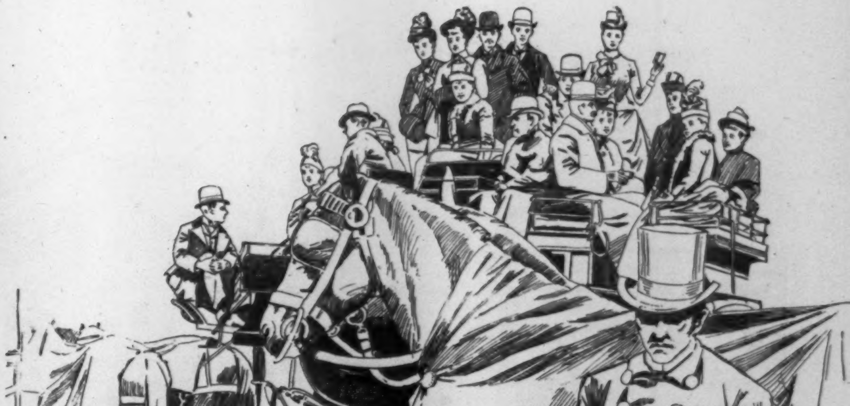
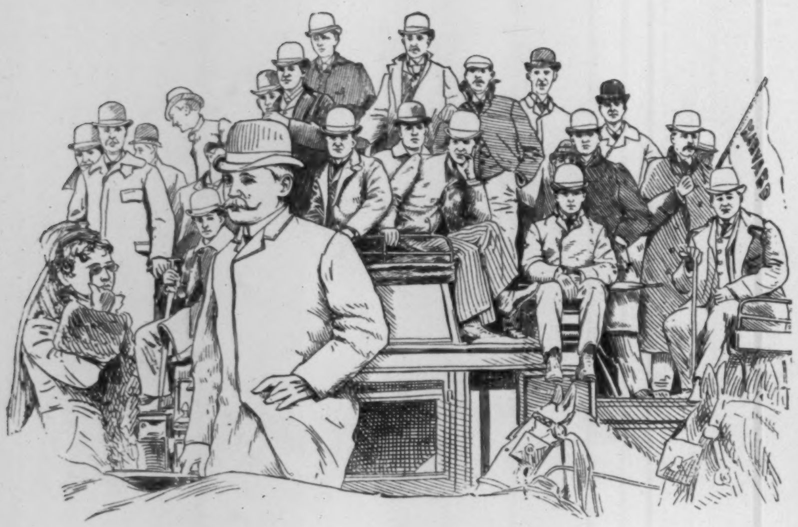


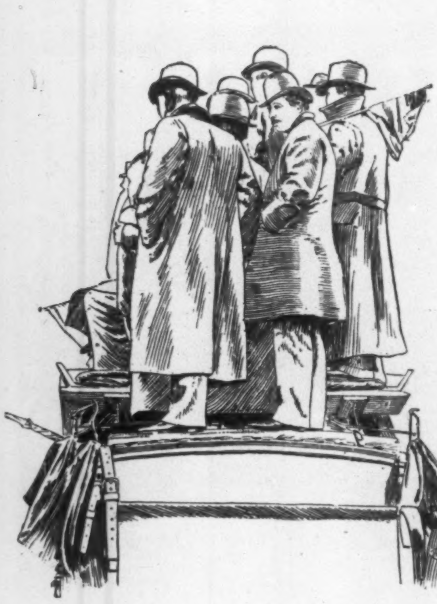


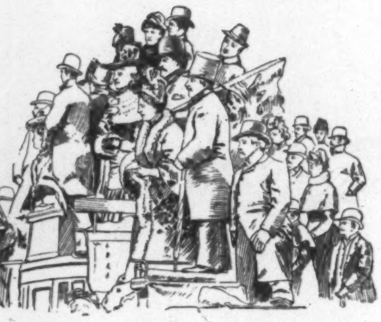


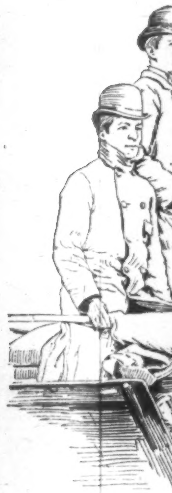


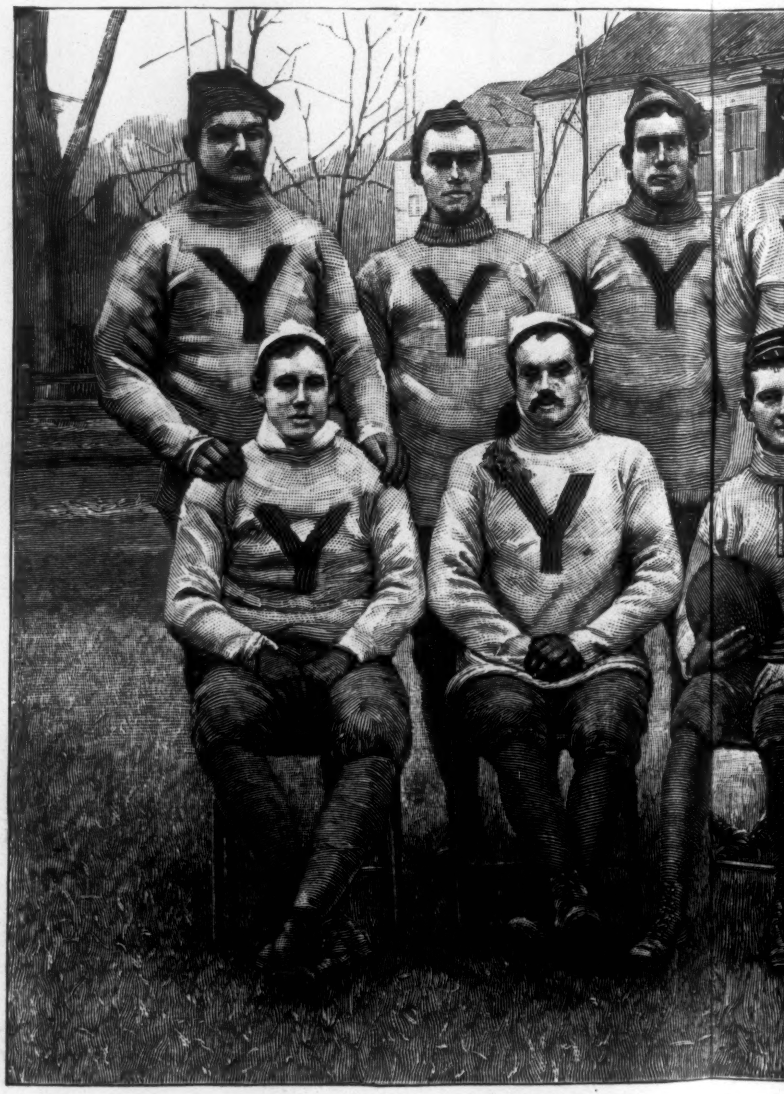
EEN YALE AND HARVARD.—From Photographs specially taken for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 903.]

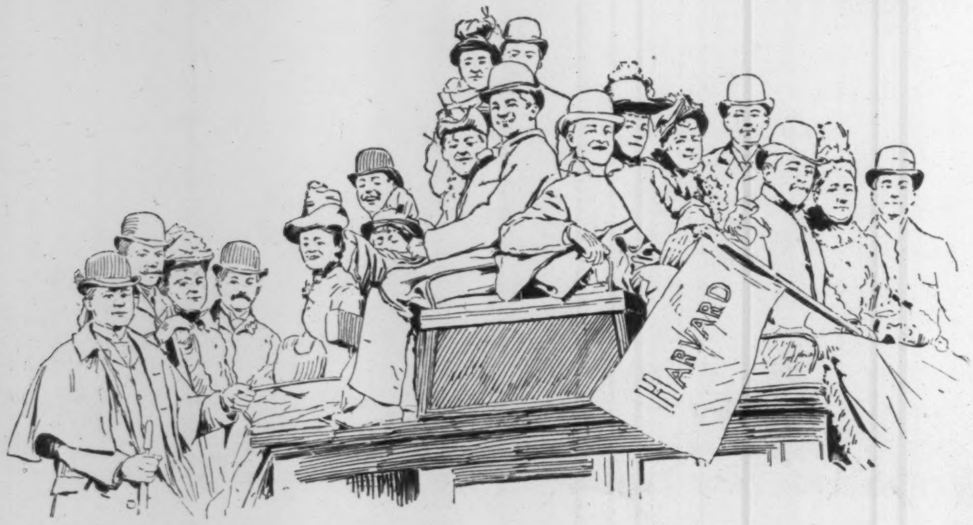


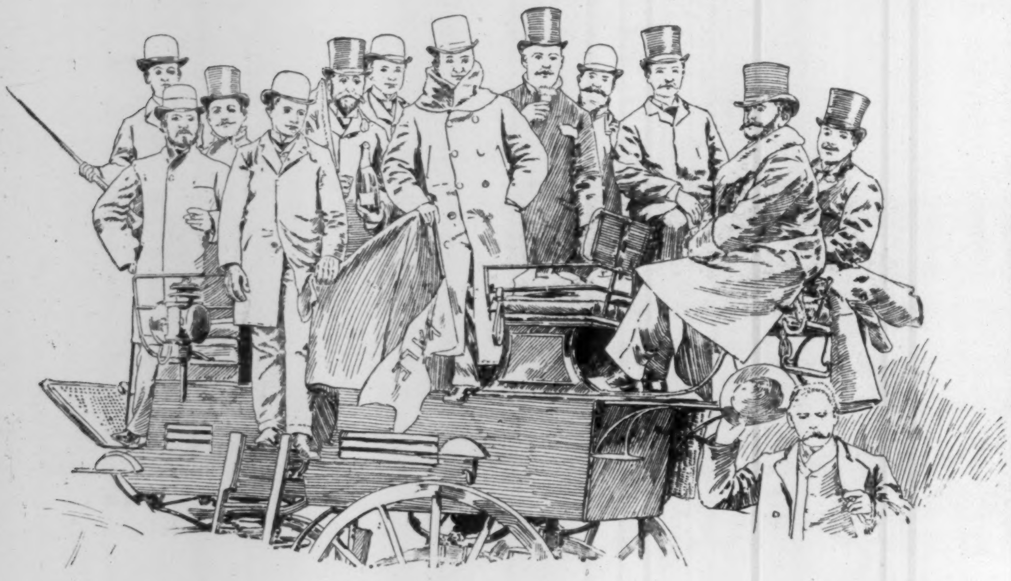


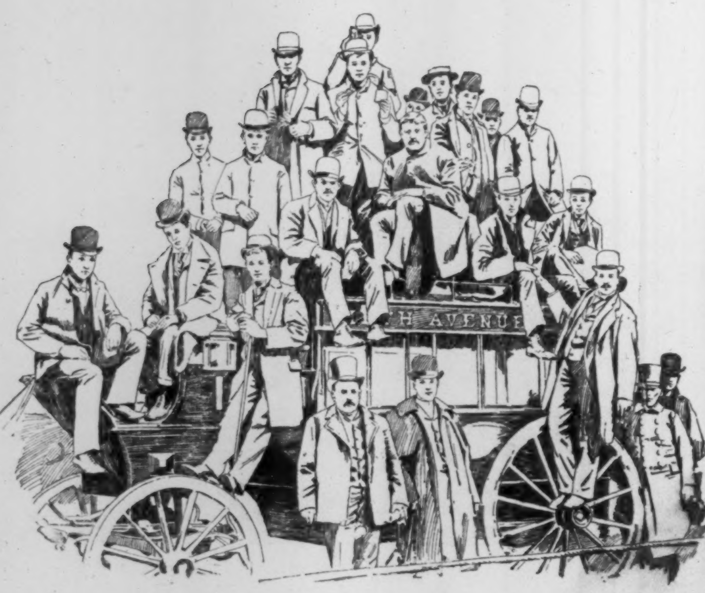


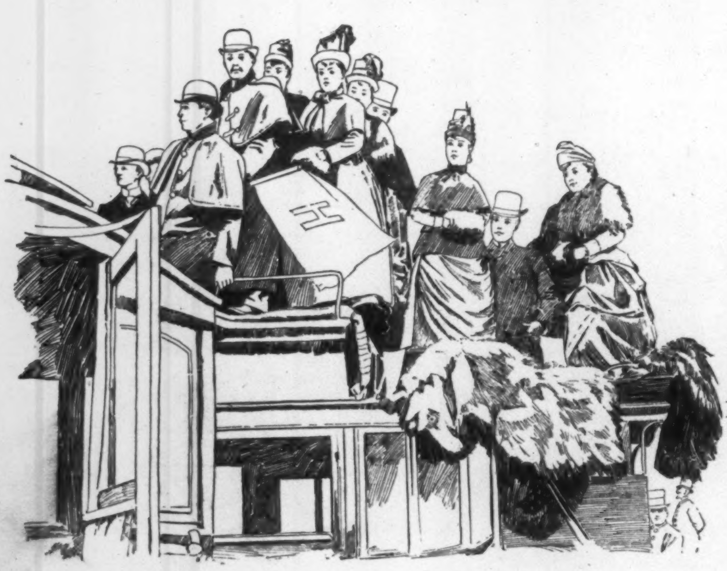


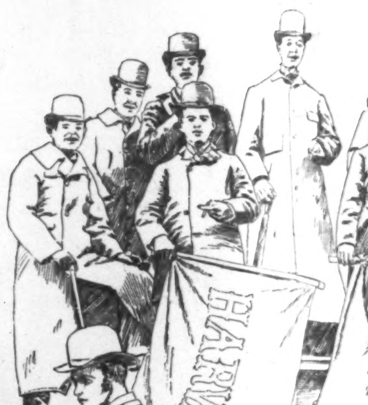

Woodruff.
Carter.
Cross.
Graves.
Wallace.
Beecher



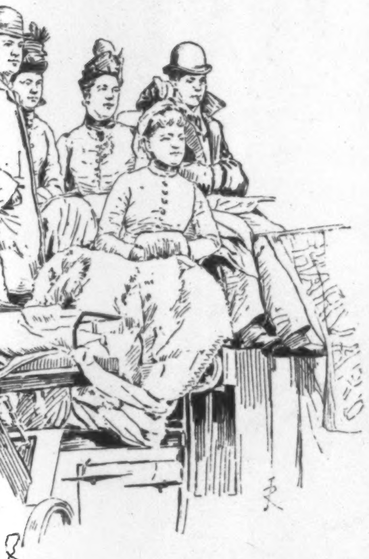


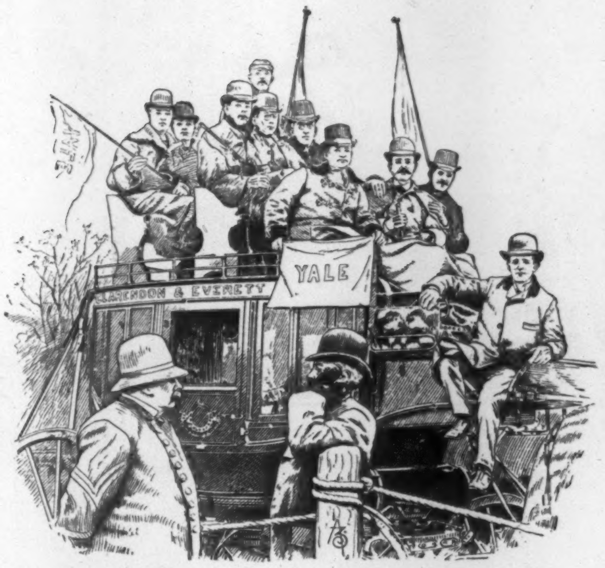


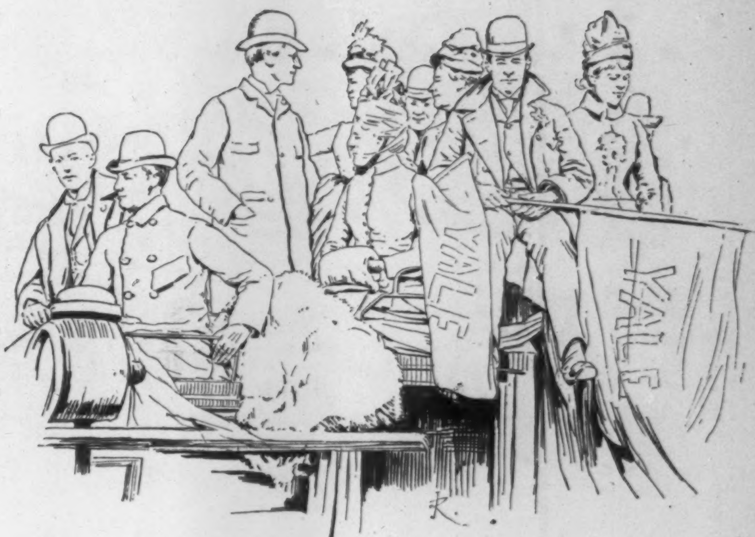




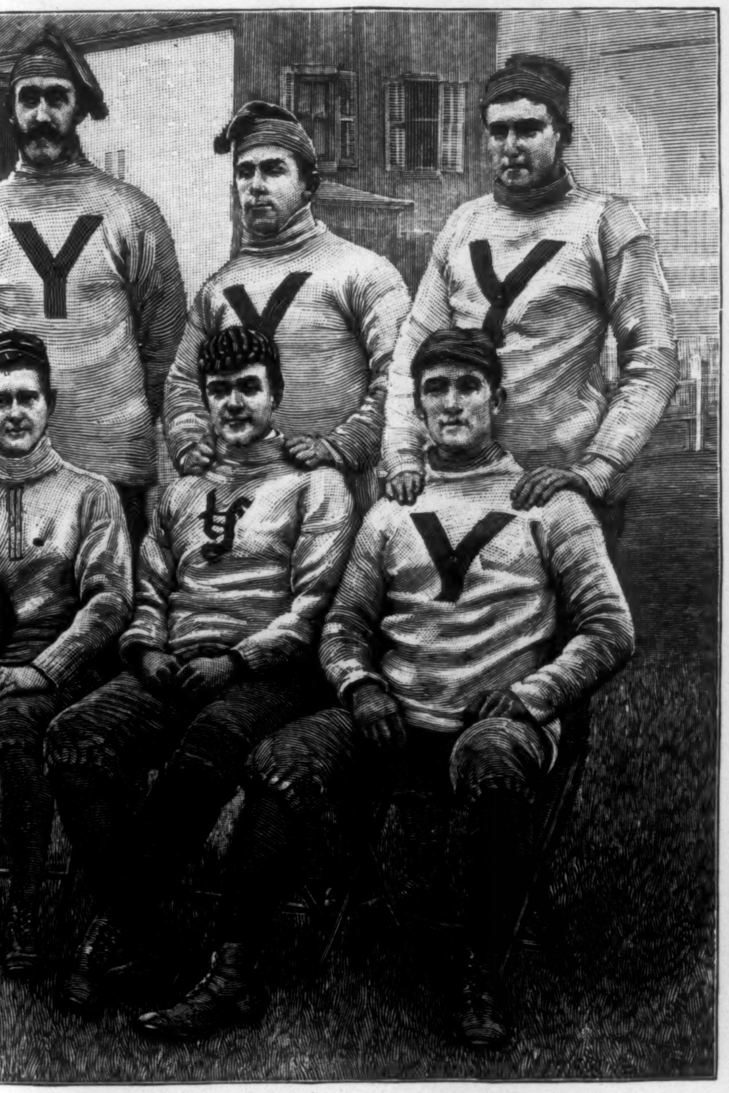
THE YALE FOOT-BALL TEAM AND GROUPS OF SPECTATORS AT THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME BETW



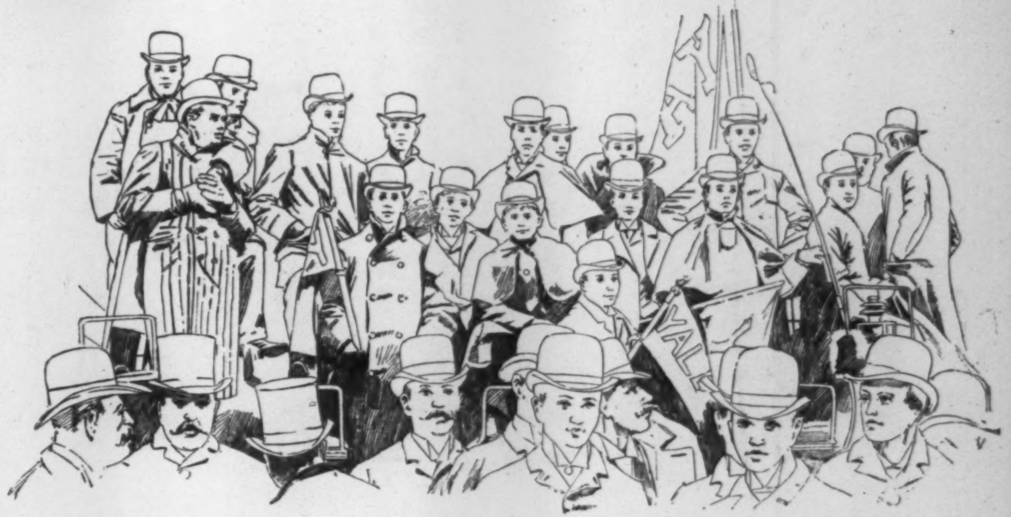


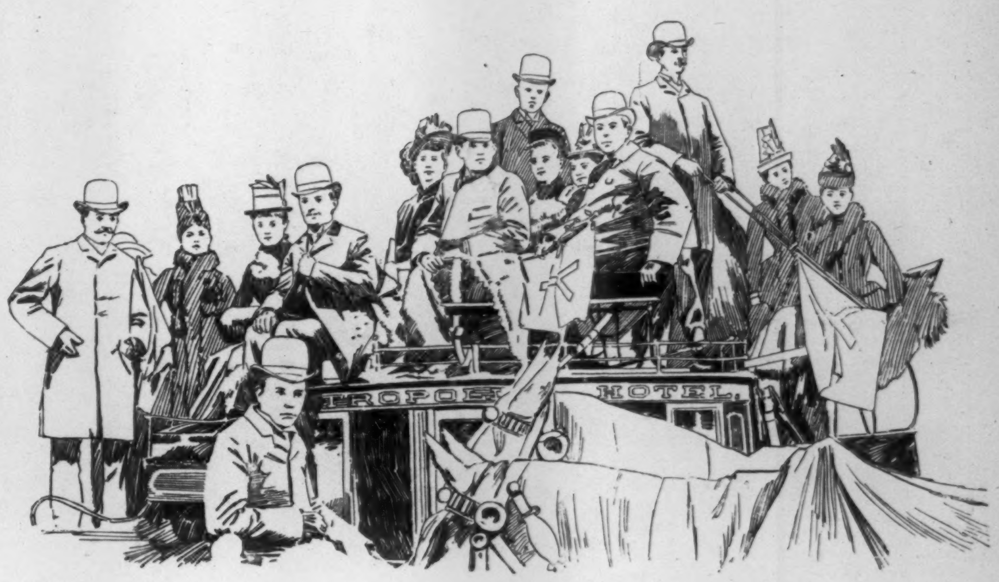


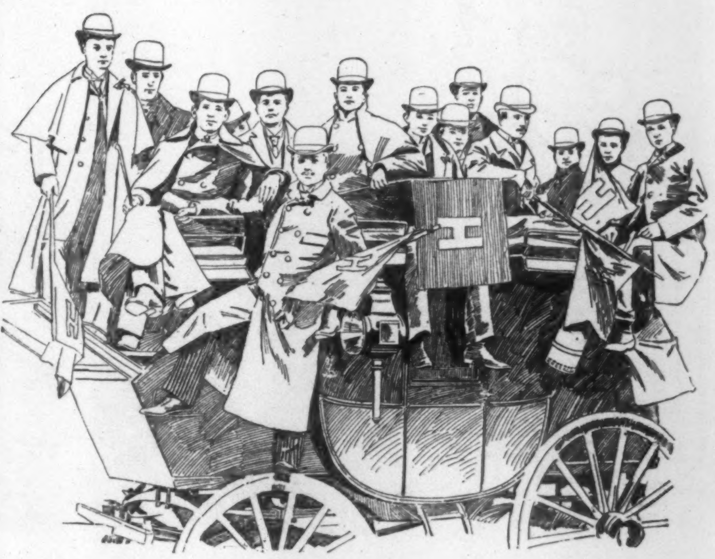
Corbin. Gill. Pratt,

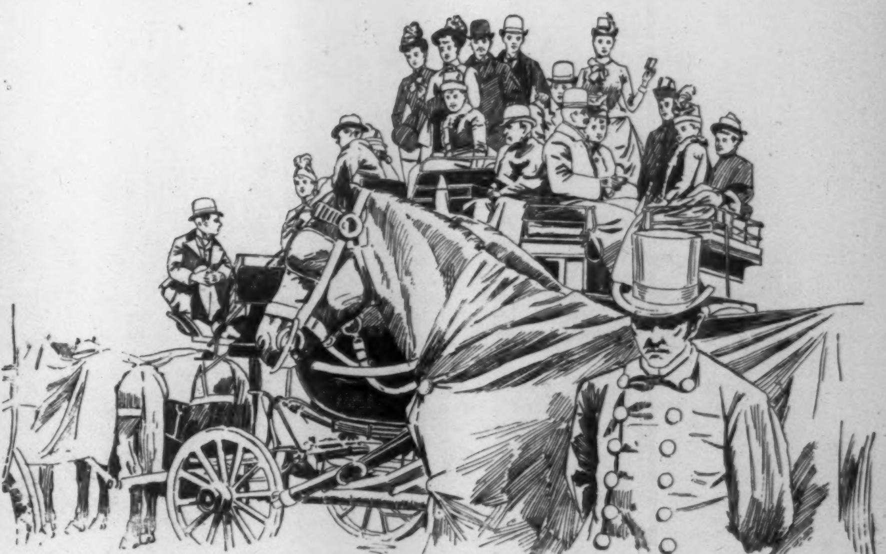


her. Bull. Wirtenberg.









ween YALE AND HARVARD.—From Photographs specially taken for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 903.]